Ari Goldman
IN MACEDONIA

COMMONWEAL

A Review of Religion, Politics, and Culture

June 4, 1999

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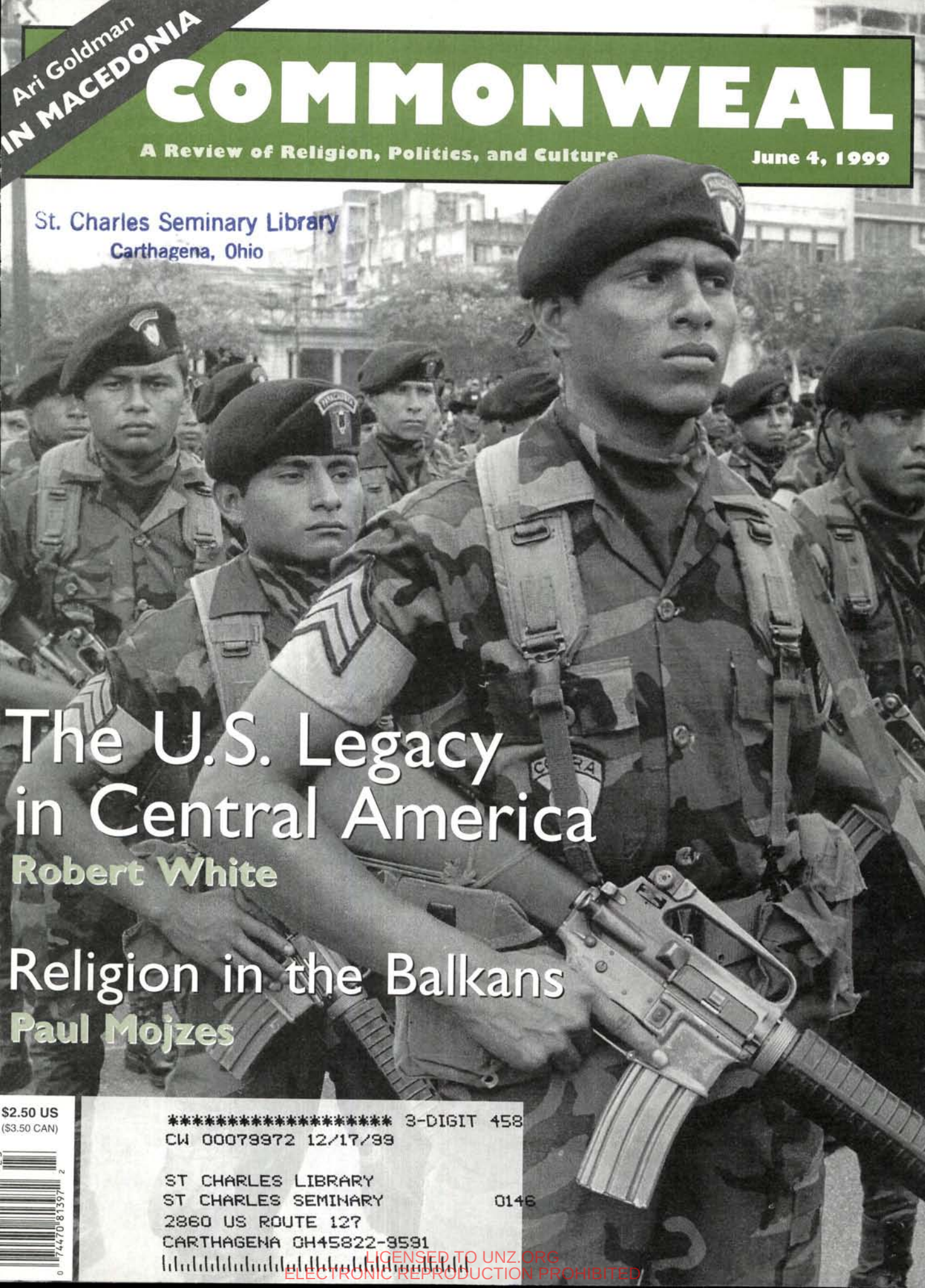

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To the Editors

Heresy

As a young Catholic man in the process of discerning a call to a priestly vocation, I found your coverage of Maryland seminarians to be particularly interesting [Editorial, April 23]. Interesting from the perspective that *Commonweal* chooses to identify itself as a "Catholic" magazine. How can a magazine that claims such an identity denounce these young seminarians for their fidelity to the magisterium on artificial birth control, belittle the authority of the Holy Father, and make the outrageous claim that the church lacks the ability to define irreformable doctrine? I suspect many of these positions would be supported by an appeal to the "spirit of the council"—under the grave misconception that Vatican II documents can be twisted to attack the very church that brought them forth. This agenda should sound very familiar to those with an understanding of church history—it has been associated with names such as Marcion, Arius, and Luther.

CHRISTOPHER ROBERTS
Cambridge, Mass.

Condescension 101

I marvel at your restraint in printing, without comment, the Reverend Wayne Sattler's letter [Correspondence, May 21] about your coverage of seminarians at Mount Saint Mary's, in which he states: "My love for the church is paralleled and complemented by the love I bear for my parishioners...." His parishioners are not the church? Only the clergy are the church? I wonder: (1) What's become of fundamental theology in seminaries these days? Has it been replaced by "Condescension 101"? (2) Did Vatican II really happen, or was it just an illusion?

(REV.) ROBERT J. SULLIVAN
Vestal, N.Y.

The writer is the Catholic chaplain at Binghampton University.

Correction ■ Because of an editing error, the Last Word column in the May 21 issue ("The Lie") was attributed to the wrong author. The correct author is William F. S. Miles, Stotsky Professor of Jewish Historical and Cultural Studies at Northeastern University. Our apologies. THE EDITORS

Got it wrong

Let's see now, according to Rand Richards Cooper ["Tom Wolfe, Material Boy," May 7], *A Man in Full* reveals Wolfe as a believer in "radical materialism." Thorstein Veblen's clever but limited ideas about status-seeking and conspicuous consumption form the "complete blueprint" for Wolfe's novel. For it turns out that Wolfe is "in dedicated thrall" to "one big idea": that the human person is literally nothing more than what he "owns and covets" plus his "muscles and hormones." As a result, Wolfe's characters can have "by definition, no inner life."

The only problem with this analysis is that *A Man in Full* is a book about religion. Specifically, the plot centers on a religious conversion. The whole point of the novel (what we might call its "one big idea") is to reject, on explicitly spiritual and religious grounds, a view of life that is reductionist and materialistic. One would imagine that this fact would interest *Commonweal* readers, but it seems to have escaped Cooper's notice entirely.

DAVID BLANKENHORN
New York, N.Y.

The writer is president of the Institute for American Values.

The author replies:

David Blankenhorn raises an issue worth addressing, namely, what to make of the last turn of Wolfe's novel, in which Charlie Croker reads Stoic philosophy under the guidance of an ex-employee, renounces his worldly possessions, and breaks through to a new mission and sense of self.

While it's stretching it to say a plot "centers" on roughly the last 80 pages of a 742-page novel, it is true that Wolfe ends his hero's odyssey in—well, in some kind of conversion, anyway. But what kind? An overweening real estate developer at the brink of bankruptcy sees the error of his ways, hits the road to preach a gospel of stoic renunciation—and ends up a syndicated televangelist with a big contract from Fox. Is this really, as Blankenhorn claims, a rejection of materialism?

The bigger problem with the conversion section (and the reason I skipped over it in my essay) is that it's by far the weakest part of the novel. The awkward shifts in point of view, frantic plot twists, and the Epilogue that piles up all fates in a heap of expository dialogue.... Are we really to believe that Charlie's notorious contempt for ideas suddenly melts into callow eagerness at the feet of his teacher? Or that this bluff, blunt ex-football player—hardly a snazzy conversationalist—becomes a brilliant televangelist?

My point is that the convictions of a novel are carried in the body of its best writing: Charlie belligerently wielding his power, or (later on) caught in impotent rage at the bitter diminishments of aging and its inroads on status. In comparison, the new, "spiritual" Charlie isn't much of a character at all, spouting Epictetus at press conferences, babbling dialogue—"Tranquillity is a mind in accord with nature"—that sounds like it was lifted from old "Kung Fu" reruns. Some readers may call this a conversion. I call it bailing out.

RAND RICHARDS COOPER

Gould standard

After reading Phillip Johnson's review of *Rocks of Ages* [April 23] I wasn't sure if we had read the same book. Of course, maybe we didn't since the title

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COMMONWEAL

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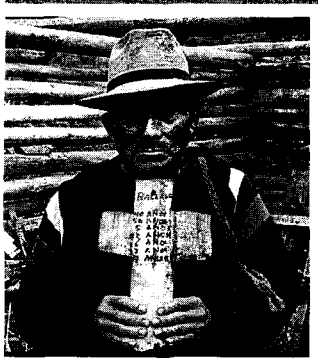

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was misprinted in the review as *Rock* (singular) *of Ages.*

I think the distinction that Stephen Jay Gould was trying to make in the book is that science and religion have different bases of knowledge: For example, science is based on observable and measurable matter that is understood through reductionist thought processes, and religion is based on revelation that is understood and interpreted through experiential knowledge and philosophical thought processes.

Further, what Gould is saying is that religion cannot speak authoritatively in the realm of science and that science cannot speak legitimately in the areas of belief and values.

I think that most of us would agree with that. We cannot scientifically prove that Jesus is divine or that we are "divinely infused with a soul." Those are matters of belief, beliefs that I happen to accept and try to live by. At the same time, scientists who say that human beings are an accident of chemicals, physics, and evolutionary processes should say so only within the context of their scientific frame of reference. They should not move beyond that to say that religious beliefs about the soul and the resulting dignity and value of the individual based on experiential and philosophical knowledge are without basis and value.

That doesn't mean that some scientists don't stray into areas of religion, philosophy, and values. Gould admits that they do, but strongly urges them not to. He gives several examples of scientists who have made such leaps from science to religion and philosophy, and the deleterious effects such leaps have often had on society.

At the same time, Gould says that religious thinkers cannot dismiss or contradict the factual findings of science. (Here, of course, a distinction must be made between fact and theory. Splitting the atom is a fact. Evolution is still a theory, but one that seems to be pretty solid as the result of "the convergence, neither sought nor fabricated, of the results of work that was conducted independently," as stated by the pope.)

What Gould does say is that many important issues, for example those raised by biogenetics, require a positive dialog between science and religion so that a valueless scientific frame of reference does not set the parameters for the use of this advancement in scientific knowledge.

There are other points that I think Johnson misinterpreted or misrepresented, but this is only a letter to the editor, not a full-blown review. However, I think it is telling that throughout the review article, Johnson doesn't appear to exhibit an open mind to the ideas of Gould. He gets in a little dig at the outset by calling the book "a heavily padded version of an essay." He uses confrontational terms like "checkmate" to indicate that the battle should continue rather than a mutual peace, dialogue, and continued exploration of ideas take place.

When I finished the review and saw the title of Johnson's book and his profession, I understood why I thought I read a different book. Confrontational and *ad hominem* arguments are lawyerly approaches to winning a case. Johnson appears to have an axe to grind. Maybe *Commonweal* could find a more open-minded theologian and/or scientist to rereview this book.

ROBERT BEEZAT
Glendale, Wisc.

The author replies:

Here's the axe I have to grind: Does Christianity make any factual claims, or doesn't it? If the soul does not exist, and if Jesus was just a human teacher whose followers invented the idea of his divinity, and if an undirected, purposeless process of evolution was our true creator—then Christianity ought to go out of business as a myth that is not worth defending. As Gould makes clear, we can do moral philosophy just as well without introducing fairy tales about the supernatural. Gould does *not* think that "science and religion have different bases of knowledge." He thinks that science has knowledge, and religion has comforting fantasies. I haven't the slightest fear that Gould will contradict me, because he would destroy his won reputation in the Darwinian community if he did. But for tactical reasons he will try to encourage trusting Christians to believe that he doesn't mean any harm.

PHILLIP JOHNSON

Papal evolution

As a Catholic, I'm not much interested in what Stephen Jay Gould thinks of Pope John Paul's statement that independent research constitutes "a significant argument in favor of the theory" of evolution, but I am very interested in what the pope himself thinks his statement does to the traditional view of salvation history.

If we accept evolution, the present state of humankind results from a gradual increase in complexity from single-cell life, not a fall from the perfection of Eden as a result of Adam's sin. In other words, we rose to this point from the bottom; we did not fall to it from the top.

Also, what does evolution do to our understanding of Christ's mission? Heretofore, we've been taught that Christ came to redeem us from Adam's sin. But with evolution, it seems more reasonable that Christ's mission was to teach us how to live to achieve an aspiration for immortality which awakened in our species with the infusion of a human soul.

It seems that some of our basic teachings need an update. Indeed, we may need a pope who rediscovers the work of Teilhard de Chardin, the way Pope Pius V (1504–72) embraced the work of Thomas Aquinas.

GEORGE E. WARD
Plymouth, Mich

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Wagging the paper tiger

Will the Chinese ever cease to amaze us? Let us imagine last month's anti-American demonstrations in Beijing taking place around a U.S. embassy in an Arab or African country. Or the repeated refusal of a country's leader to accept a phone call from an American president ready to offer an apology for an acknowledged wrong. Would the United States tolerate such treatment from another nation? Would it stand by without protest as thousands of students virtually imprison its ambassador and lay siege to its embassy? Who can doubt that there would be formal protests and threats to suspend diplomatic ties. Why then such indulgence of the Chinese?

The bombing of the Chinese embassy in Belgrade was an almost incomprehensible mistake and a terrible tragedy. But it was a *mistake*, not a provocation. We should be remorseful, especially for the deaths of the three civilians in the embassy. It was right to apologize. And we should thoroughly investigate the failure of American intelligence agencies to properly locate the bombing target. But having said all of that, the question remains: Why does the United States government tolerate these diplomatic pyrotechnics from the Chinese government?

Theories abound. The first is that the Clinton administration has invested immense political capital in improved relations with the Chinese, especially economic relations. In this, American business has been four-square behind Clinton. Furthermore, if the Republicans occupied the executive office, this would more or less be their policy as well. A peaceful future depends on good relations with the Chinese, the most populous nation in the world and a major economic and political power, if not right now, certainly in the next century. No one wants the Chinese for an enemy. And so we put up with their shabby—and carefully orchestrated—behavior.

A second theory has to do with the internal politics of China and the continuing struggle between the Communist *appartachiks* and the reformers and modernizers. It is a struggle over who will control the Chinese future and the ability of the Chinese people to work their way out of poverty and oppression. It is in the interests of everyone, especially the Chinese themselves, that the reformers and modernizers prevail. Thus the bottom line of this theory: We must put up with shabby treatment to preserve the economic and political reforms underway.

A third theory addresses the Chinese effort to buy into the American political system with illegal campaign contributions and to increase their status as a nuclear power by stealing American military secrets. As evidence of these "factoids" has emerged, those who hold to this theory conclude that the Chinese mounted demonstrations to distract American attention. If true, they succeeded.

There is a fourth theory specific to the war with the Serbs. The Russians and the Chinese have opposed the NATO intervention over ethnic cleansing in Kosovo. Of course, each has different interests, but there is at least one they share. Both nations have conducted wars based on ethnic identity, the Russians most recently in Chechnya. During the 1950s, the Chinese notoriously killed or forced from their homeland, hundreds of thousands of Tibetans, who even now await the chance to return. Would it be a mistake to conclude that the Chinese government's interest

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coincides with the Serbs not out of compassion or principle, but out of refusal to accept accountability for human-rights violations, including ethnic cleansing along with abuses against their own people? For the Chinese the question is: If the West will go to war over Kosovo, will it go to war over a Tibet or a Taiwan? We doubt it, especially after Kosovo. But the Chinese are not so sure. (Paradoxically, the Chinese histrionics have derailed efforts to negotiate a settlement with the Serbs under the auspices of the United Nations where they and the Russians hold a Security Council veto.)

Which of these theories is true? All or some of them may be true, or partially true, reflecting the multidimensional mess in which the United States, NATO, and the UN find themselves in trying to end the war in Kosovo. In the meantime, is the United States properly chastised by the Chinese for the embassy bombing, for the deaths involved, and for its intelligence failure? Yes, certainly.

Still, we ought to ask whether what is salutary for the United States and NATO in the Chinese protest is good for China. Has this confrontation been just politics as the four theories, and many others, imply? Or, perhaps more worrisome, are the Chinese continuing to operate with the mindset of the heavenly kingdom, that ancient and classic conception of their cultural and ethnic superiority? That was the attitude implied in the Vietnam-era phrase, "the paper tiger," used by China to dismiss the American presence in Southeast Asia. If in response to the embassy bombing, China is "wagging the paper tiger," then there is more to be learned from this incident about the difficulties ahead for U.S.-Chinese relations than first appears. Ultimately it is the Chinese who must learn what it means to coexist peacefully with another major power in a world where increasing conflicts and tensions are likely. But who is willing to point it out to them? Who dare point it out to them?

NOTEBOOK

IN THE KNOW

Newsletters worth your time

For some years now, I won't say how many, I've been receiving a number of issue-oriented newsletters that I find useful for the information they convey and the values they reflect. Belatedly it occurs to me that it may be helpful to others if I list and briefly describe some of these publications. Take that "if" away.

■ Pride of place goes to the ***FCNL Washington Newsletter***, published eleven times a year by the Friends Committee on National Legislation. The FCNL defines itself as "a Quaker lobby in the public interest" which "seeks to follow the leadings of the Spirit as it speaks for itself and for like-minded Friends."

You don't go to a Quaker newsletter expecting jazzy language or juicy news beats. What you get from FCNL's newsletter is careful judgments expressed in plain and measured terms and covering a range of public-policy issues. Naturally FCNL's opinions reflect the distinctive Quaker ethic, but the newsletter's judgments on, say, the military budget or the use of sanctions as a tool of foreign policy are not overdetermined by pacifist tenets; the same conclusions could be grounded in the social teachings of Catholicism.

Another example is the content of a February, 1999 issue on "Economic Justice and Systemic Racism." Among other things, it explains with an amplitude of data why it matters that so few justices of the U.S. Supreme Court hire women or "minorities" to serve as their law clerks. The "clerks" aren't there to keep the filing system in order; they have first crack at deciding the worthiness of appeals from the lower courts and they take part in the drafting of opinions, so that their backgrounds and life experiences matter. Of the eighty-two clerks hired by Chief Justice William Rehnquist over twenty-seven years, exactly one was a person of color; eleven were women. Case proved. In this instance and most others, the writers and editors achieve remarkable clarity in brief compass.

The FCNL Washington Newsletter is free on request, but donations are invited; 245 Second Street N.E., Washington, DC 20002-5795.

■ If the Friends' letter is strong on analysis, the next two on my list are more obviously the products of true believers in the causes they support. ***CACP News Notes*** is published by Catholics Against Capital Punishment, based in Arlington, Va. (P.O. Box 3125, 22203). *News Notes* is, to my mind, top-heavy with papal and episcopal statements opposing the death penalty, but some of the statements are indeed eloquent. The newsletter also tracks legislative developments across the United States, lists future national meetings and conferences on capital punishment, prods pastors into following the lead of their bishops, deplores Catholic officeholders who support the death penalty, and runs quotes like this one: "The minute they start executing rich people, the death penalty will end."

CACP asks but does not require a membership fee of $25. Its 1998 financial report lists income of $9,813.59 and expenditures of $11,108.82. Clearly, these spendthrifts need your help. So join.

■ I have a problem with the next newsletter on my list—***Action for Universal Health Care***. My problem is not that *Action* is an advocacy publication but that it too often preaches to the choir, relying on inflated rhetoric to rally the troops and on short cuts in argument to prove its case.

It may be true (I think it is) that the challenge of delivering adequate-or-better health care to all Americans at a sustainable cost is an immensely complex problem best dealt with by a (relatively) simple solution: a single-payer system. But while that may be obvious to members of the Universal Health-Care Action Network (UHCAN!), publishers of *Action*, it's still heresy to most Americans, including many disillusioned with "managed care." Persuasion is called for.

Action remains on my list because along with its flaws it

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also has considerable virtues. The most recent issue in my file (March–April, 1999) front-pages excerpts from a speech by Congressman Sherrod Brown (D-Ohio) that includes a reasonable quota of relevant data within a framework of well-argued political theory. Also excerpted is a *Business Week* piece by Robert Kuttner alerting business interests to the higher-than-necessary cost of using the "fiercely entrepreneurial health industrial complex" to provide health insurance for their employees. The issue also contains a brief passage from a *Nation* editorial; a page of "Resources That Work"; and relevant news items from Washington and "the grass roots."

UHCAN! requests a membership/subscription donation of $30. Address: 2800 Euclid Avenue #520, Cleveland, OH 44115-2418.

■ ***Initiatives***, published six to eight times a year by the National Council for the Laity, has a narrow focus on a very wide subject: how to be Christian when you're not in church—that is, when you're doing your thing as a lawyer or a laborer, a corporate CEO or a middle manager, a nurse or an architect or a teacher or a cook or a parent, whatever; and also whether your milieu is a high rise or a suburban neighborhood, on Main Street or Elm Street, wherever.

For the National Center and for *Initiatives*, the church is "the people of God in service to the world"—a definition and an attitude derived from Vatican II, but, in the view of the center's founders, much neglected following the council in favor of "in-house" concerns: birth control, parish democracy, ordination of women, the abortion wars. The Center's "primary objective," said *Initiatives* editor William J. Droel in a 1998 interview, "is to maintain a network of people, primarily Catholic, who are really serious about connecting faith and work."

Along with tightly written mini-essays fleshing out this theme, *Initiatives* runs a multitude of brief segments under the running head "Taking the Initiative" followed by subheads: "Against Sweatshops," "In Higher Education," "On Worker Rights," "Among Health-Care Professionals," "Among Law Students," "In Science," "In the Restaurant," etc. These reports are second-hand, drawn from books, newspapers, magazines, and the Internet. From these sources *Initiatives* puts together an impressive assemblage of "initiatives," mostly but not exclusively Catholic, all aimed at bringing people together in the trades, the professions, and the community to promote social justice. The idea is to spread ideas.

The National Center for the Laity, 10 E. Pearson Street, Chicago, IL 60611, asks a donation of $25, "more or less," for a membership and subscription.

■ Confession time: (A) ***The American Feminist*** is not a newsletter but a quarterly twenty-eight-page magazine published by Feminists for Life of America. (B) I haven't been a subscriber but will be before you read this, having been persuaded by the year's worth of back copies FFLA sent at my request when this piece was germinating.

The organization's name and its slogan, "Pro Woman, Pro Life," declare its main focus, opposition to abortion, but also make clear that its members share the rest of the feminist agenda. This dual commitment is evident as well in the

From the archives

Throughout 1999, Commonweal will be celebrating its 75th anniversary. Here from the February 5, 1960 issue is an editorial on "The Catholic Liberal."

"Catholic Liberal: Oddity in Terms," which appeared in a journal intended primarily for Catholic priests, is an article that...attempts to saddle the "liberal Catholic" with the manifold errors of philosophical liberalism and with the responsibility for the now-dead liberal myths of the inevitability of progress, of human perfectibility, of utopian planning....While the charge is an old one, the "liberal Catholic" of today no longer has to define terms anew, to voice only aspirations for the future, or to reassert, however redundantly, his allegiance to the teaching church. He can now point to a significant body of achievements which have been produced by "liberal Catholics." It is the "liberal Catholic" who has aligned himself with those whose record concerning social legislation, opposition to Hitler and to Soviet imperialism is most admirable. It is the "liberal Catholic" who has most vigorously tried to implement the social encyclicals of Leo XIII. It is the "liberal Catholic" who, following Saint Augustine's injunction to "love intelligence greatly," has attempted to renew in America the Catholic tradition of the intellectual life. It is the "liberal Catholic," again, who has promoted that awareness of liturgical reform which is so significant in religious life today.

Not everyone identified as a "liberal Catholic" will welcome the appellation, and we ourselves would not encourage its use. But judged simply by the accomplishments of those to whom it is applied, it can hardly be thought a term of reprobation.

THE EDITORS

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magazine, and (I assume) helps make it credible to anyone inclined to regard prolifers as throwbacks. Also evident is the magazine's reliance on factual data, experiential testimony, and well-phrased analyses of abortion-related issues that can't be dismissed as expressions of inherited, unexamined religious beliefs. It turns out that there is still a great deal to be said about this subject from a feminist perspective, some of it having to do with practical ways of organizing to convey salient truths about the procedure and to provide alternatives.

The magazine is professionally edited and laid out. Each issue explores a single theme; for example, "Work vs. Family," "Victory over Violence," "Remarkable Prolife Women." Regular departments include a legislative update, news briefs, letters, and "Herstory"—in each case, a one-page sketch of the life and work of an abortion opponent of recent or distant times. A statement published in some issues declares the organization's opposition to the death penalty and assisted suicide.

FFLA asks $25 for a one-year membership that includes a subscription to *The American Feminist*. Address: 733 15th Street N.W., Suite 110, Washington, DC 20005.

ROBERT G. HOYT

Robert G. Hoyt, Commonweal's senior writer, continues his recuperation from a bout of illness, sidelined, but not sidetracked from his editorial responsibilities.

OF SEVERAL MINDS

WILLIAM PFAFF

HOW WILL BARAK LEAD?

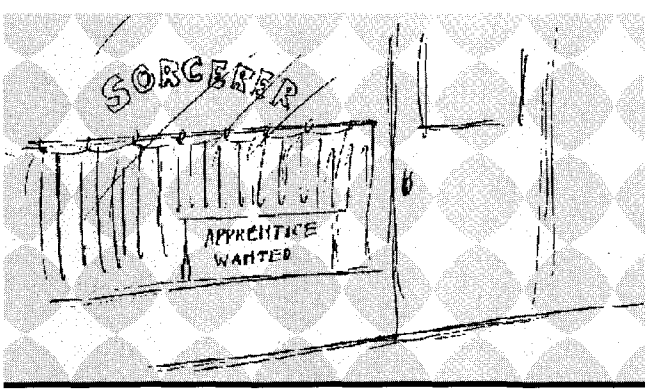
A new day for Israel

The main foreign-relations challenge facing the new government of Israel is settlement with Syria. Prime Minister-elect Ehud Barak recognizes this. He has said that real security for Israel has to come through agreements with its neighbors.

A Syrian agreement will influence the Palestinian situation. Israel and the Palestinians need to turn a new page, which means a final accord that will not be challenged by Islamic integralists or by a younger generation of Palestinian nationalists alienated by the corruption and compromises of Yasser Arafat's Palestinian Authority.

The May election dealt a stinging defeat to Israel's colonists' lobby, which, under Benjamin Netanyahu's febrile coalition of nationalist and religious parties, possessed inordinate power, enjoying government subsidy and encouragement—not only to defend every meter of occupied and colonized territory, but to expand Israel by "creating facts on the ground," which is to say, by expanding further into Palestinian lands. The newly elected prime minister is a nationalist, too, but he owes the colonists nothing.

Agreement on Golan is crucial because Syria is Israel's most powerful neighbor. Syria also controls Lebanon, where it has permitted the Moslem movement Hezbollah to wage war, with mounting effect, against Israeli troops and their Lebanese mercenary auxiliaries, occupying what has become the embarrassingly misnamed Israeli security zone inside Lebanon. From its strongholds, Hezbollah also bombards northern Israel with rockets—as it did again in the early hours after the election.



Barak has promised to remove Israeli troops and close down the Lebanon security zone within a year. Members of the auxiliary force are already looking for safer careers.

To have a secure evacuation of Lebanon, Barak needs Syrian and Lebanese guarantees on Israel's northern border. For that, he must settle the Golan issue, where Israeli colonists and troops occupy land seized from Syria in the 1967 war. There will be no agreement there without Israeli concessions. Barak is a realist.

Compared to the Syrian problem, settlement with the Palestinians should be a simple matter. The terms have been agreed to for years. The reason they have not been applied is that Netanyahu kept trying to revise them in Israel's favor. His electorate would have preferred no agreement with the Palestinians.

If Barak is indeed the realist he appears to be, there will be a Palestinian settlement and state within months. He does not need the fruitless distraction of further trouble with the Palestinians—already stripped of virtually all serious power.

The fundamental domestic policy choice he must make concerns the struggle between lay and religious forces over the nature and future of Israeli society. This political confrontation stems from a more subtle and extensive conflict that is cultural, generational, and—with respect to the Sephardic minority in Israel—possesses even a "racial" aspect.

The practical choice that Barak has to make is whether to include in his new

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government the ultrareligious Sephardic party, Shas, which went from ten seats in the last parliament to seventeen this time.

Alternatively, Barak could construct a coalition of the center-left, including most of the secular forces traditionally aligned with the Labor party. This would be the conventional thing to do, and it would be a positive response to the electoral majority's choices with respect to "values," the larger social orientation of Israeli society, and the role of religious authority in the country.

Shas is more a movement than a party, and perhaps more of a state-within-the-state than a movement. It could be called a countersociety inside Israel, an alternative Israel. Its members are mostly poor Sephardic Jews from North Africa who have always been looked down upon by the Ashkenazi elite who created the country and ruled it for the better part of its history. Barak, a Sabra—born in Israel—is part of that elite.

Shas has become a system of schools, school transport, social assistance institutions, clubs, women's groups, vacation colonies, discount stores, and retirement homes that have mobilized, aided, and integrated tens of thousands of poor immigrants otherwise mostly ignored, if not despised, over the years by the Israeli establishment.

Shas opposed Barak's election. Its leader, Arieh Deri, has been convicted for financial corruption and sentenced to four years in prison, pending an appeal. The party wants Israeli life ruled by ultra-Orthodox rabbis and is hostile toward liberal and reform Judaism.

However, Shas is moderate on the question of peace settlements. Bringing it into a government that made peace could not only politically implicate the Sephardic community—contributing toward its mainstream integration—but confirm Barak as a reconciler of Israelis and healer of the country's social wounds after years of divisive Likud government.

The new prime minister's political choice will be a significant indicator of what this divided society may become in the next few years. □

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OF SEVERAL MINDS

JOHN GARVEY

KIDS KILLING KIDS

Does Columbine tell us anything?

When the terrible news came from Littleton, Colorado, I thought about some of the worst times that were part of my own high school years, which began in the late fifties.

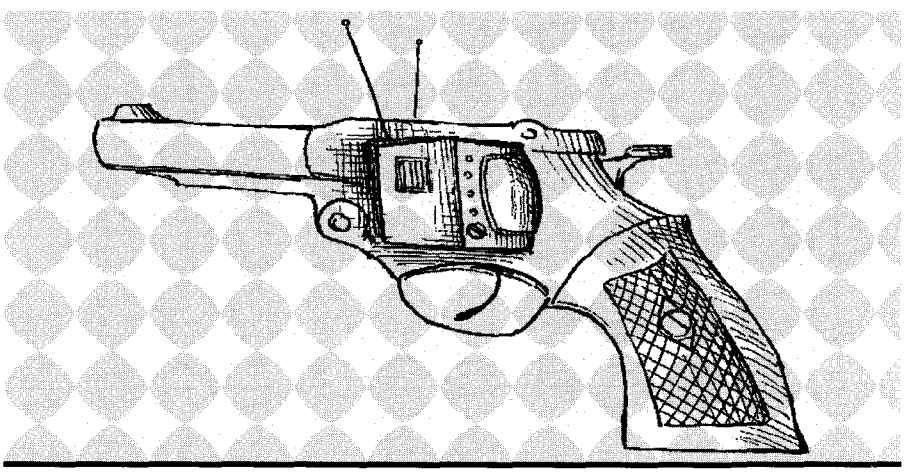
It's been said that there are two types of human beings: those who enjoyed high school and those who thought it was hell. I was one of the latter. I was also the kind of kid I wouldn't have wanted my kids to hang out with: I was sharp-tongued with teachers and didn't care about the consequences, read beat poetry behind the covers of civics texts, and avoided studying things that didn't interest me.

One of my classmates was in even more dire straits. Maybe because I could be sufficiently rough with a put-down, I didn't come in for much bullying, but Bill did. He wore his pants high and buttoned his shirt all the way up to the neck—OK now, but not then—and he carried a slide rule. For these sins he was picked on from the start of his freshman year by a sophomore, a born bully, and the regular stage for his torment was the bus they rode home together.

One day Bill had enough. He threw a vial of dilute hydrochloric acid into his tormentor's face. The bully staggered around, screamed, had scars on his face for weeks. Bill was expelled. The rest of us felt that some justice had been done—to the bully, not Bill—and we were sorry the scars turned out not to be permanent.

Adolescence is a strange time. All of the "what can we do?" talk that has followed Littleton is empty, because the answer is, nothing much, except, of course, realize that we really do have a culture fixated on emptiness and spiritual death, and it can't be fixed by laws. I don't deny for a moment that if guns were less available there might have been fewer gun deaths, but young alienated people who wanted to kill other people could have mixed up something like sarin gas in another context and done the same evil thing another way. It is a typically shallow move for us to think that there is a legal or political fix for a problem which goes deeper than law, and typically shallow for us to think that law is as deep as it goes.

I grew up in the Midwest around a gun culture. A lot of my schoolmates hunted and grew up in homes where guns were kept close at hand, not for any paranoid reason but because that was the way things were. One of my friends was killed in a shooting accident, but it happened in the sort of shooting-range



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circumstance that even the strictest gun-control countries allow. Our usual violence took the form of fistfights, which drew us the way bearbaiting or cockfighting might have if we'd had the opportunities for them. And our parents knew very little about the violence that appealed to us, about the fights, or the strangeness of our teachers, or much else. Even then, we didn't talk enough. I think it went with the stage of life. I never felt I couldn't talk with my parents about anything. I just didn't think it was any of their business. I could handle it—abusive teachers, friends being abused sexually or in other ways, anything.

Adolescents are more alone and on their own than we want to think, and in our society they are particularly bereft. It is necessary for people at this age to establish themselves as responsible in ways distinct from their parents—their bodies are beginning to establish this necessity, and it isn't all about sex, but about subtle forms of power and responsibility—but we make them dependent and in any serious way irresponsible until (if they go to college) they are about twenty-two years old. In the meantime, our culture sees them as a consumer group, to be sold movies full of violence and things you can buy that will make you more appealing to those who bully the unappealing. Outside of some religious communities, adolescents are given very little serious moral responsibility beyond a confused obedience—to what manufactured needs? And there are studies that show that parents spend much less time now with their children than they used to.

The conservative appeals to family values have often been mocked. When "family values" mean antigay legislation or denying the need to help working parents get day care, the critics have a point—particularly because the more common problem for families is divorce and single-parent households. But strong families, communication within families, and the need for families to stress moral and spiritual values to their children—communicating this by spending time with children, and not just pontificating—are in fact essential, more to the point than any possible legislation. To the extent that conservatives are saying this, they are right on target.

In this dark time, there is the story of Cassie Bernall, a seventeen-year-old girl. A couple of articles, in the *Boston Globe* and the conservative *Weekly Standard*, tell her story. She was a student at Columbine High School who for some time had played around with drugs, was interested in witchcraft, worried her parents enough so that they removed her from a public school and put her in a Christian school. She hated it, but when a friend invited her to a Christian camp she went, and her life changed. She asked her parents to put her back into a public school, where she talked with classmates who were willing to listen about her belief in Christ. On April 20 in the Columbine library, one of the gunmen singled her out, and asked, "Do you believe in God?" She paused, a friend who saw this said later, knowing what the answer would probably mean, and said, "Yes, I believe in God." He said, "Why?", didn't wait for an answer, and shot her.

After her death her brother found something she had written: "Now I have given up on everything else—I have found it to be the only way to really know Christ and to experience the mighty power that brought him back to life again, and to find out what it really means to suffer and to die with him. So, whatever it takes, I will be one who lives in the fresh newness of life of those who are alive from the dead." Before her death, Cassie had been involved with other members of her youth group in visits to a Denver inner-city storefront church which ministered to prostitutes and drug addicts.

Adolescence is a terrible time, and in some of what she told friends it is clear that Cassie knew it was scary. Looking at the kids with guns, at their murderous emptiness and despair, we are horrified and should be. Looking at a seventeen-year-old girl who can arrive at what Cassie did, we should see a sign of the kingdom. □

Ari L. Goldman

REFUGEE FACES

Report from Macedonia

It's become a cliché among foreign correspondents. The correspondent walks into the burned out village or refugee camp and yells, "Okay, who here has been raped?" It's a dirty business, but someone has to find the lead.

When I walked into a refugee camp in Macedonia in early May, I wanted to shout other questions: Who here went to university? Who owned a car? Or even, Is there a doctor in the house?

As I followed the war in Kosovo from afar, I came to realize that these were not the boat people of Vietnam or the refugees of Rwanda or the displaced persons of Gaza. The ethnic Albanians fleeing Kosovo looked very much like the people I grew up with in Queens in the 1950s, that is before Queens became the ethnic supermarket it is today. It is precisely because they are white, because they are well dressed, because they are educated and even professionals that many of us in the West so naturally identify with them. We look at the pictures of the ethnic Albanian refugees fleeing Kosovo, appearing dazed and carrying their few belongings, and we can only say, "That's what I would look like if I had to flee my home tomorrow." We look at their children and say, "Those could be my kids."

When I spoke to the people at the refugee camps, my impressions were only confirmed. "We were seven students in our dorm," said Bekin Qela, a twenty-two-year-old drama student whose long wavy hair was pulled back into a ponytail. His English was impeccable. A month earlier, he said, a

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band of heavily armed Serb soldiers entered his university dorm in Pristina and told everyone to line up against the wall. "We thought they were going to kill us, but they just took our money." Warned by the soldiers not only to get out of town but out of the country, the students immediately got on a train that took them to the Macedonian border. Qela said he did not even have time to contact his mother or his brothers. He does not know where they are.

Farouk Siwawi, a twenty-four-year-old pizzeria worker who wore a baseball cap, told me that he too lost everything. "They burned my house, my car, everything I had," he said. He fled, leaving behind his hometown of Feriznj, his girlfriend, and his job.

I heard many, many stories like these as I walked through the refugee camp, some eight miles from the Macedonia-Kosovo border. The camp, known as Stankovic I, had opened only a month before on a former airstrip outside the Macedonian capital of Skopje. Already it had 30,000 refugees, some 5 percent of the 600,000 who had fled Kosovo since the Serbian policy of "ethnic cleansing" began earlier this year. All agreed that the volume of refugees had only increased with the NATO bombing campaign of recent months.

The same story of dislocation and loss was told again and again in the camp. After a while, I didn't even have to ask. I could see the sense of hopelessness in the faces of the people. Adults sat in front of their tents, just staring. Inside, I could see people, obviously depressed, sleeping on their blankets in the middle of the day.

In the distance, to the north, they could see the mountains of Kosovo. But with Serbian aggression and NATO bombs dropping, their homeland could have been a million miles away. Those who weren't in front of their tents, were standing on line. There were lines for everything, for food, for medicine, for the latrines, for the water faucets. But the longest lines were at the tents of the different countries that were granting asylum to the ethnic Albanians. Among the countries represented were Germany, Spain, Austria, and the United States.

Only the children, it seemed, still spoke about returning to Kosovo. "We're going back home soon," said an optimistic fourteen-year-old, Mirjeta Bajrami, from the town of Seva Reca. But the adults knew better. There was little left of Seva Reca, the scene of a massacre of civilians a month earlier. The adults stopped looking at the mountains in the distance and began contemplating life in a new country.

I rejoice when I see the planeloads of refugees arriving at Fort Dix, New Jersey, for resettlement in the United States. I can identify with these people. But I also feel a twinge of sadness, for while they may look like me, their homeland is far away. And with each new arrival, there is a death of a dream—the dream of returning home. □

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RETHINKING FOREIGN POLICY

Lessons from Latin America

Robert E. White

The reports of the Central American truth commissions are not just about events that took place against the backdrop of the cold war. They are about the United States today, and the role we intend to play in the world.

In early March, President Bill Clinton visited Central America to call attention to the devastation of Hurricane Mitch. In Guatemala City, the focus of the presidential visit shifted suddenly away from the random violence of nature to the purposeful violence of men. On the eve of Clinton's visit, the United Nations-sponsored Guatemalan truth commission, known as the Commission for Historical Clarification, went public with its report which lays bare the savagery of the Guatemalan military.

President Clinton deserves high marks for his comments on the report of the truth commission. He did not vacillate, he did not equivocate; he stated that the United States had been wrong to support Guatemalan "military forces and intelligence units engaged in widespread repression," and he added, "We are determined to remember our past but never repeat it." Had Clinton ignored our government's heavy responsibility for the Guatemalan tragedy he would have strengthened the hand of the still-powerful militarists and undercut struggling democratic forces not only in Guatemala but in all of Central America.

If we had to choose one place and time where U.S. policy toward Latin America went wrong, the date would be 1954 and the place Guatemala. Confronted with the elected government of Jacobo Arbenz, one that was less than subservient to U.S. pressures, the Eisenhower administration gave the green light to the Central Intelligence Agency to overthrow the constitutional order and install a military government, thereby igniting widespread rebellion. Over the next thirty-five years, the CIA bankrolled a war in which torture, murder, and the firebombing of rural villages resulted in the deaths of 200,000 people, most of them defenseless Mayan Indians. CIA station chiefs, from their secret apartments inside the U.S. embassy, subsidized a war that consisted largely of a mindless series of military massacres. When U.S. policymakers at last lost enthusiasm for this pointless reign of terror, these station chiefs undercut and lied to U.S. ambassadors charged with helping to move the country toward peace.

Robert E. White, *a former ambassador to El Salvador and Paraguay, is president of the Center for International Policy in Washington.*

As the *New York Times* reported (June 30, 1995), "American and Guatemalan officials, who long denied these links, now acknowledge that the CIA gave the Guatemalan military millions of dollars in the 1980s and 1990s, used some of the money as bribes to buy information from high-ranking military intelligence officers, and provided intelligence to the army for its long war against guerrillas, farmers, peasants, and other opponents." In an unusually candid admission, the former inspector-general of the CIA, Fred Hitz, told Clifford Krauss of the *New York Times* (March 6, 1999), "It's one of the saddest chapters of American relations with Latin America. The United States felt responsible for what it started by removing Arbenz and essentially we were trapped. We started something and didn't know how to get off the train."

During this "*noche más larga*" for Latin democracy, the militaries of Central America arrogated to themselves the right to decide with deadly force who could and who could not participate in the political life of the country. In the name of anticommunism, U.S.-supported armies suppressed democracy, free speech, and human rights in El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Panama. Torture and the assassination of democratic leaders—including presidential candidates, journalists, priests, and union officials—became commonplace.

Official truth commissions have now issued reports on three Central American countries: El Salvador, Honduras, and Guatemala. The commissions were unanimous in finding the militaries of these countries guilty of a pattern of human-rights abuses in which unarmed civilians died at the hands of those sworn to protect them. Thousands of the finest leaders of Central America suffered torture and death for daring to take a stand against military terror. Nor did high office, whether secular or sacred, offer protection. Last year Bishop Juan Gerardi of Guatemala was bludgeoned to death two days after releasing a report documenting military massacres of Mayan Indians.

It was therefore an act of high courage and patriotism for the Guatemalan members of the Commission for Historical Clarification to write a report that not only finds the Guatemalan military responsible for mass murder and genocide but does not shrink from pointing out that the "government of the United States, through various agencies including the CIA, provided direct and indirect support for some state operations." At the presentation of the report, the commission's German coordinator and former UN official, Christian Tomuschat, said their investigations revealed that

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"until the mid-1980s there were strong pressures from the United States to keep in place the archaic and unjust socioeconomic structures of the country," adding that the United States and the CIA supported some "illegal state operations."

The report, titled "Guatemala: Memory of Silence" makes grim reading. (To view the report on-line, *see* HTTP://HRDATA.AAAS.ORG/CEH/REPORT/ENGLISH.) It shows that the United States was not backing one side in a civil war but rather a campaign of official terror. Of the more than 200,000 victims, the commission found that the army and other state agents killed 93 percent. With direct orders from the government's highest echelons and the military high command, soldiers carried out a scorched-earth policy burning Mayan villages and throwing the still-living victims into common burial pits. Declassified documents reveal that Washington knew of these acts of genocide yet our government continued its assistance to the Guatemalan military.

Although the Department of State and the Defense Intelligence Agency must accept their share of responsibility for the Central American tragedy, the Guatemalan truth commission was right to single out the CIA for special mention. Between 1965 and 1981, I served in our embassies in Honduras, Nicaragua, and El Salvador. I watched as the CIA recruited dozens of paid informants from the right-wing fringes of Central American society. These ideologues regarded labor union leaders threatening a strike or student activists protesting the closing of a newspaper as agents of subversion.

I watched as CIA reports to Washington characterized as Communist or Communist sympathizers, brave men and women whose only crime was to work for the restoration of democratic government and against the U.S.-supported military dictator. Worst of all, I watched as the CIA shared its "intelligence" with the leaders of these military regimes. Not unnaturally these authorities regarded any person fingered in an official CIA report as a legitimate target for persecution, even death.

Many foreign service officers did their best to bring some sense of proportion and balance to the U.S. presence in Central America. We sent analytical reports pointing out that the people who stood for change in Central America were not necessarily enemies of the United States. We noted that most of their leaders took their inspiration from our democratic institutions and from our elected leaders. Our reports recommended less identification with the military and economic groups, which were systematically looting these countries, and more understanding and identification with the forces of change. Of these diplomats, the first and most important was Viron P. Vaky who, on returning to the State Department from a tour of duty in Guatemala in 1968, wrote a memorandum that put the crucial question: "Is it conceivable that we are so obsessed with insurgency that we are prepared to rationalize murder as an acceptable counterinsurgency weapon?"

The answer was yes. Neither Vaky's memorandum nor the efforts of many career diplomats over the years had much of an impact. The Pentagon and the CIA were invulnerable to normal policy constraints as they carried out their crude strategy of counterinsurgency. As the Guatemalan truth commission stated, "The National Security Doctrine formed part of the anti-Soviet strategy of the United States in Latin America. In Guatemala, this doctrine first found expression as antireformist, then as antidemocratic, and culminated in criminal counterinsurgency." The School of the Americas and other like-minded institutions taught the militaries of Central America to attack not only guerrillas but also citizens who insisted on their constitutional rights of free speech and assembly.

Never in the history of Latin America has a country or group of countries suffered such concentrated death and destruction as the United States, through its proxy armies in El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Honduras, inflicted on Central America during the 1980s. More than 150,000 civilians were killed in these countries. Hundreds of millions of dollars of property and productive capacity were destroyed. The environment was devastated. Two million refugees, desperate to escape the violence, fled to our borders and entered as illegal immigrants.

The terrible effects of our policies were felt not only in Central America but here at home. With CIA director William Casey in the lead, the Reagan administration brushed aside peace overtures from the Salvadoran revolutionaries and the Sandinista government of Nicaragua. The CIA created, trained, and paid a counterrevolutionary army composed largely of former members of the hated Somoza National Guard and pressured the government of Honduras to permit the *contras* the use of its territory. Over the next five years, the Reagan administration did its best to conceal from the American public its policies and actions designed to overthrow the Sandinista government. When a frustrated Congress cut off all funding to the Nicaraguan *contras*, President Ronald Reagan authorized the CIA to sell arms to Iran and to use the profits to support the Nicaraguan *contras*. This presidential action appeared to violate the exclusive right to control the purse given to Congress by the Constitution. According to the independent counsel on Iran-*contra*, Lawrence Walsh, this action brought President Reagan "within range of impeachment." The death of CIA director Casey removed the key witness to President Reagan's direct involvement and a constitutional crisis was thereby averted.

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Even so, the number and rank of officials brought low by Iran-*contra* was impressive: Indictment of Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, a guilty plea and suspended sentence for national security adviser Robert MacFarlane, conviction on multiple felony accounts of national security adviser John Poindexter and his aide Oliver North, a plea bargain that reduced felony charges to misdemeanors for Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams and CIA officer Alan Fiers, the felony conviction of CIA official Clair George, and the indictment of CIA officer Dewey Clarridge. And in what Walsh believed was "the last card in [the] cover-up," President George Bush issued what might be described as a clandestine presidential pardon for the chief offenders, signed on Christmas Eve 1992, with no press or photographers allowed.

Our Central American involvement shook the faith of many citizens in their ability to influence the course of events through then-elected representatives. As Daniel Patrick Moynihan has written in his excellent book *On the Law of Nations*, "Here we come upon an anomaly. As the United States became more committed to the advancement of democratic values in the world-at-large, it came more and more to do so by means of covert strategies, concealed from the world and not least from the American public. This is not difficult to explain; it is difficult to defend. It costs too much, it achieves too little; and it gives power to presidents to do things that come to seem merely extralegal, rather than illegal. Not lawless, simply above the law. The intelligence community cannot help but make presidents feel this is what they are there for."

During the cold war, with the division of the world into Communist and anti-Communist, enemy and friend, the United States gradually abandoned the rules which had traditionally governed relations between civilized states. U.S. foreign policy left the path of judicious application of diplomatic influence and respect for sovereignty, judicial equality, and territorial integrity. In place of these time-tested principles of international conduct, the United States directed the preponderance of its resources toward strengthening foreign military establishments at the expense of civilian institutions throughout Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Overseas, the bulk of our energies were dedicated to the fighting of an ill-defined communism, usually designated as subversion, through huge CIA stations, military missions, and public-safety programs. Of necessity, secrecy and lies went hand in hand with these stealthy operations.

This trend toward less accountability has gathered pace and scope since the collapse of the Soviet Union a decade ago. State Department appropriations have been slashed, consulates closed, political sections of embassies weakened while the number of CIA personnel assigned to embassies under diplomatic cover has doubled and tripled. In many embassies CIA operatives outnumber legitimate diplomats.

In 1998 the State Department budget was $5.4 billion. That same year Congress voted a 10-percent increase to the intelligence budget, bringing it up to approximately $30 billion. Then the Clinton administration, fearful of a political battle on national security, proposed a $112-billion increase for the Defense Department over five years. This increase comes at a time when the United States is already allotting $280 billion annually to defense spending, more than the next six largest defense spenders combined.

With the threat of an expansionist Soviet Union behind us and with important opportunities to work through the United Nations for collective action against world disorder, our government instead seeks to discourage all "potential competitors from even aspiring to a larger regional or global role," to quote a Defense Department study of 1992. Under this policy, the State Department suffers deep cutbacks and our dues to the United Nations go unpaid while the Defense Department and CIA, the least transparent and accountable units of our government, carry out a parallel foreign policy in much of the world undisciplined by diplomacy or effective checks and balances.

The "diplomatic" tools at the Pentagon's disposal include arms transfers, training courses, exercises, short-term deployments, humanitarian activities, and "military-to-military contact" programs. With often vague objectives and only a tenuous connection to U.S. security interests, these programs have grown enormously during the 1990s. Known variously as "peacetime engagement," "foreign military interaction," or even "defense diplomacy," they have involved the U.S. military in many new noncombat roles, among them peacekeeping, drug interdiction, law enforcement and policing, infrastructure building, disaster relief, environmental protection, and rebuilding postconflict societies.

The recent explosion of "peacetime engagement" programs has involved a rapid growth in the use of Special Forces Operations ("unorthodox" units such as Army Green Berets and Navy SEALs), which the secretary of defense's Annual Report to Congress describes as "warrior diplomats capable of influencing, advising, training, and conducting operations with foreign forces, officials, and populations." Indeed, as Wayne A. Downing, a former commander of the U.S. Special Operations Command, told the *Washington Post* (July 13, 1998), Special Forces "are a direct instrument of U.S. foreign policy. They may be the most direct and most involved, tangible, physical part of the U.S. foreign policy in certain countries."

Despite the stated goals of extending and protecting democracy and human rights around the world, the U.S. military frequently complies with "requests" from brutal and corrupt dictatorships for training in "foreign internal defense" and controlling civilian disturbances. U.S. military teams are helping militaries "restructure"—offering services ranging from computer consulting to reforming command and control to rewriting doctrine and military codes of justice. Former president of Costa Rica and Nobel Prize winner Oscar Arias, speaking of the "reckless proliferation of weapons around the world," said, "for decades we have heard the leaders of developing nations speak eloquently

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of economic opportunity and democracy as birthrights, and then casually continue to abet the militarization that destroys them. Last year the U.S. transferred worldwide $21.3 billion worth of military hardware and training. Some $15.6 billion of this total went to developing nations, and a record $8.3 billion to nondemocratic regimes."

As illustrated by the Central American example, U.S. foreign policy has done grievous harm to those building blocks of world order that were our great post-World War II achievement. These building blocks include self-determination, pluralism, human rights, collective security, interdependence, multilateralism, international law, international and regional institutions, treaties, and economic growth. Add to that list the new issues we must place on our twenty-first century foreign-policy agenda: common action to save our global environment; an international commitment to curb exploding population growth; multilateral agreement to control and to reduce to a minimum nuclear arsenals; an end to the "silent genocide" of third-world famine and plague; a ban on exporting arms to undemocratic countries; and a commitment to promote economic opportunity in the poorer nations by investing in education, health, and sustainable development.

In their place, Washington has substituted unilateralism, covert action, and the "can do" military salute. The first step in confronting a dangerous trend is to document it. Our role in Central America provides the ideal example. The United States needs its own version of a truth commission on Central America, not only to bring home to the American people the key role we played in the overthrow of the elected government of Guatemala, the formation of the death-dealing Battalion 316 in Honduras, the sponsorship of the decade-long butchery in El Salvador, the destruction of Nicaragua through the manufacture of a civil war and a long list of less spectacular disasters; but also to provide compelling evidence that the aggressive cold-war foreign-policy machinery of the United States needs a radical overhaul.

The United States needs a strong military to establish a cooperative framework for global security. It does not need to proliferate arms around the world. The United States needs to gather intelligence—that is, information—through capable diplomats and through clandestine collection such as spy satellites. It does not need to employ covert action except when national survival is at stake.

How a nation is organized to conduct its foreign policy will determine to a great extent the nature of that policy. If we understand that national security in the post-cold war world is not to be found in unilateral build-up and clandestine operations, then we should drastically cut back the size and scope of foreign activities by the Pentagon and CIA and fix responsibility for the management of a coherent and accountable foreign policy with the secretary of state and the president. □

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RELIGIOUS WARS?

A short history of the Balkans

Paul Mojzes

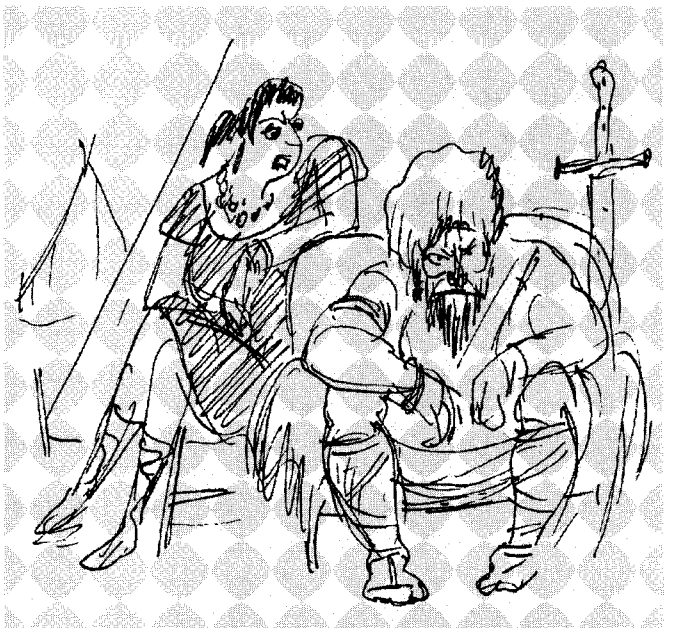
After the commencement of the NATO bombing of Serbia, in April CNN (in my view tendentiously) aired an interview with the notorious Zeljko Raznjatovic-Arkan. As the leader of the paramilitary Serbian "Tigers," Arkan has been indicted by the war crimes tribunal in The Hague for barbarities committed during the Bosnian war. For his "service" in Bosnia, Arkan was elected a deputy in the Yugoslavian parliament as a representative from Kosovo. Christiana Amanpour's report on Arkan's atrocities went on to show him making a cynical display of his alleged Orthodox faith. Before the cameras he pulled out a cross from under his shirt and kissed it, his wedding (his second wife is a Serbian pop star) was officiated at by numerous priests, and he was shown repeatedly crossing himself and in other ways demonstrating his loyalty to the Serbian Orthodox church. His display of religiosity was both a cruel hoax and a window into the nature of the "religious" character of much of the violence that has convulsed the Balkans, Eastern Europe, and the former Soviet Union for the past decade.

After the collapse of communism in 1989, several wars broke out pitting various religious groups against each other. In southwestern Asia, Armenian Christians fought Muslim Azeris for Nagorno-Karabakh. Serbs (who are Orthodox) waged war against Croats (who are Catholics). In Bosnia-Herzegovina the Croats and Serbs continued to fight each other while also fighting Muslim Boshnyaks. Now Orthodox Serbs are fighting or forcibly expelling Muslim Albanians from Kosovo. Everybody seems to be opposed to the Serbs except fellow Orthodox Greeks (including Greek Cypriots) and Russians. All of this may seem like evidence for a theory that links religious attachment to nationalistic efforts to cleanse ethnic "others," but things are somewhat more complicated than they appear.

As in Europe as a whole, powerful forces of secularization, whether in its Marxist atheist or its consumerist "Western" garb, have also been at work in the Balkans. Many of the region's religious leaders vehemently deny that religion (or at least their own religion) plays an important role in these conflicts. They point out how marginalized religion was under communism and how little actual power religious leaders and institutions have. This has a certain plausibility. We mustn't forget how the appeals of many prominent religious leaders—the pope, the patriarchs of Constantinople and Moscow, the World Council of Churches, etc.—have gone unheeded by NATO. Religious pleading usually has little influence in ending wars.

Still, a nuanced case can be made that religion plays an important, if not decisive, role in many of these conflicts. At the outset, however, we must not confuse these modern nationalistic and ethnic conflicts with the religious wars of old (although even the Crusades and the religious wars of the sixteenth century were not solely or primarily religious). In Bosnia, for instance, religion played a greater role than it does currently in Kosovo, although some of the same religious protagonists are involved. To determine to what degree religion is implicated, each case must be analyzed separately.

Broadly speaking, there are two major ways in which religion comes into play in these modern wars. The first is that religion played a historic role in defining social and individual identities. Consequently, in Eastern Europe ethnic and religious identity are often fused to such a degree that they form an ethnoreligious symbiosis. The volatile interplay of various ethnoreligious allegiances has long worked



"Stop with the conquering already! You're spreading yourself too thin!"

Paul Mojzes, *academic dean at Rosemont College in Rosemont, Pennsylvania, is the author of* Yugoslavian Inferno *(Continuum).*

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just below the political surface throughout the region. Like the earth's tectonic plates, these fundamental social realities are little noticed until they shift or collide.

The second important impact of religion is in shaping sympathies (friendships) or antipathies (fears) within and against groups. Three major religious groups, namely the Eastern Orthodox, the Roman (Western) Catholic, and the Muslims are in play in the Balkans. Protestants are seen as pesky evangelizers who tend to deny the authenticity of the religious orientation of the big religions and rob people of their national identity and traditional faith. Anti-Semitism persists, but largely in the absence of any Jews.

Each church feared that reconciliation would mean surrendering dearly held truths.... The impact on statecraft was enormous.

Most of the peoples of Eastern Europe were Christianized prior to the Great Schism of 1054, some by missionaries who looked either to Constantinople or to Rome. When the tensions between these two ancient patriarchal sees split "the one, true, apostolic, and universal church," it ripped Christendom apart, creating a visible cultural and political fault line that runs from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Each church feared that reconciliation would mean surrendering dearly held truths and selling out to those whose truth was no longer complete. For the next thousand years the two churches became fierce competitors. The impact on statecraft was enormous, since each side understood itself to be establishing God's rule among an entire people. When necessary, emperors used force to forge a single religious and national identity.

By the thirteenth century, however, Mongol Tartars occupied most of the Russian Orthodox lands while the Ottoman Turks in the fourteenth century captured large portions of the Christian Balkans. Both promoted their Muslim religion among various segments of the population. The Ottoman Empire's hold was longer and more successful, but under both conquerors an imperial Islam laid claim on many lives and all aspects of society. To this day the followers of Islam, very much like medieval Christians, see their religion as a comprehensive way of life. Converts to Islam changed not only religious practice but culture and civilization as well. As a consequence, Christian Balkan populations were repressed. Russians were under this "yoke," as they are fond of calling it, for two centuries; the Balkan peoples for five. The Russians gradually threw off the yoke and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries became an empire, successfully colonizing millions of non-Christians, most of them Muslims. As the tables turned, the Muslims resented their Russian (Orthodox) colonizers as much as the Russians had resented them. Similarly, when the Islamic colonization of the Balkans ended in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, an enormous rage, fueled by nascent modern nationalism, erupted. Not only the Turks, but those locals whose ancestors had converted to the religion of the Turks, became the objects of retribution. The "never again" of the Balkan Christians is a "never again" to living under Islam.

In the Balkans the conversion to Islam was most successful among Albanians. About 70 percent of Albanians have an Islamic identity (among the Kosovars the figure is close to 100 percent). Former Orthodox and Catholic Bosnians also converted to Islam, to the tune of a third of the population. In Bulgaria a significant minority of Turks and converted Slavs (Pomaks) complicated the picture. After the collapse of the Ottoman and Hapsburg empires in 1918, most of the newly reestablished nation-states in the Balkans—Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia, Montenegro, Romania (all Orthodox), and Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Croatia, and Slovenia (Catholic)—defined themselves in distinctly anti-Islamic ways. Suspicion and discord, however, also continued to run along the fault line of the Great Schism.

This somewhat oversimplified scheme seemed to lose much of its relevance after World War II when all of these countries (except Greece) fell under Communist domination. Ardent efforts were made to suppress all religion. Even under communism, however, there was a distinct cultural and civilizational awareness of religious heritage and identity. There was also a particular resentment by those who were nominally Christian toward the burgeoning Muslim population. Adding to these divisions was the fact that the Eastern Orthodox, and even more so the Muslim population, were less willing to adapt to industrialization and modernization. In many quarters, these groups were seen as obstacles to economic development.

With the collapse of communism in the late 1980s and early 1990s, its leveling of social and ethnic hierarchies dissipated and the underlying resentments and fears rose to the surface where nationalistic leaders like Slobodan Milosevic could exploit them. As the Muslim population started to demand greater rights, including the right to self-determination, Serb resistance hardened. Dark, exaggerated fears of Islamic fundamentalism and a return to a Shariate legal system that would subjugate Christians flourished. As seen in the Bosnian war, inordinate bloodshed, forced migrations, partition, and other calamities quickly followed.

Religion usually nurtures a special feeling for co-religionists. Familial terms such as "brothers" and "sisters" are commonly used not only for co-religionists we know but

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Falling Asleep to Your Mother Playing Chopin

You have known this music all your life
years from now
you are an old woman
lying in a dark room alone
with nothing to do anymore
while eyes and ears and heart are failing
remembering the quiet house
when everyone was gone
the only voice was music
filling the emptiness with desolation
a hazel color like eyes

years before
there wasn't time enough
the child pulled your hands from the keyboard
work demanded you
sickness and the dying of parents
you longed for silence
for music to speak for you

years before
you longed to grow into yourself
when nothing else seemed to fit
not even the words in your throat
how naturally your fingers slid into the glove
of chords and the voice that flowed
exquisite and unimpeded
was also a tactile thing

before that
you were a child falling asleep in the next room
while your mother played Chopin on the grand piano
and the music sounded in your dreams
as though you had made it up yourself and
the next day at school
you touched it like a letter in your pocket

and before all of it
the darkness
where you floated
half asleep beneath her heart

Joan I. Siegel

also in addressing and thinking about the larger religious community. Religion allows disparate peoples to share the same symbols, external signs, and internal values. In times of calm people rejoice when they encounter co-religionists; such meetings are a sign, after all, that our religion is successful, that there are others with values like ours. In times of crisis and threat, these links become even more important. We feel that those who threaten our co-religionists may threaten us. If we do not come to the assistance of our fellow Muslims or Orthodox, who will? From this perspective it is natural that Turks or Iranians will support embattled Bosnian or Albanian Muslims (in Albania, Kosovo, Montenegro, or Macedonia), Greeks support Serbs as do Russians, and that Austrians, Hungarians, Germans, and Italians supported the Catholic Croats and Slovenes. Many Europeans (East and West) have an uneasy feeling that Muslims are making unwanted inroads into Europe, and that their physical presence and high birth rate will be followed by territorial demands. Muslims, undoubtedly, harbor similar fears of "Christians," even when they are motivated by nationalist or capitalist, rather than religious, interests.

Obviously such religious affiliations do not work automatically or universally. Bulgarians are somewhat ambivalent about the Serbs because of their rivalry over Macedonia. A Bulgarian Orthodox spokesperson sharply condemned Milosevic's policies in the Balkans. The Ukrainians do not show the same ardor toward Serbs as do Russians, if for no other reason than their apprehensions about Russian hegemony among Orthodox Slavs. Americans sided with Albanians who are predominantly Muslims, seemingly driven by TV pictures and sensing that something must be done about the flow of refugees. We are also driven, I think, by a delayed sense of remorse over how little was done to stop the Nazi extermination of European Jews.

The religious factor is real enough in the Balkans, and plays a smaller or greater role depending on the specific context. In Kosovo both the Serbs and the Albanians have exploited religious themes. But another factor is also in play. In the Balkans there has been much talk about "living space" and limited resources. Hitler, of course, used precisely these fears to justify his wars, but he was by no means the only modern European politician to do so. As the sometimes sharp increase in population allegedly outstrips the ability of a region to support it, especially in impoverished areas like the Balkans, political conflict increasingly gets cast in the language of life or death. Obviously such extreme rhetoric lends itself to radical or "final" solutions.

American politicians and media are fond of claiming that we are a naive and innocent nation that somehow keeps falling prey to more sinister forces. However, we should not be naive enough to think that by bombing a country into submission or placing an international military force on the ground, we can settle intractable ethnoreligious conflicts. Trying to fix distant conflicts by force before learning how those involved see themselves and their adversaries often only compounds the problem. □

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Richard Alleva

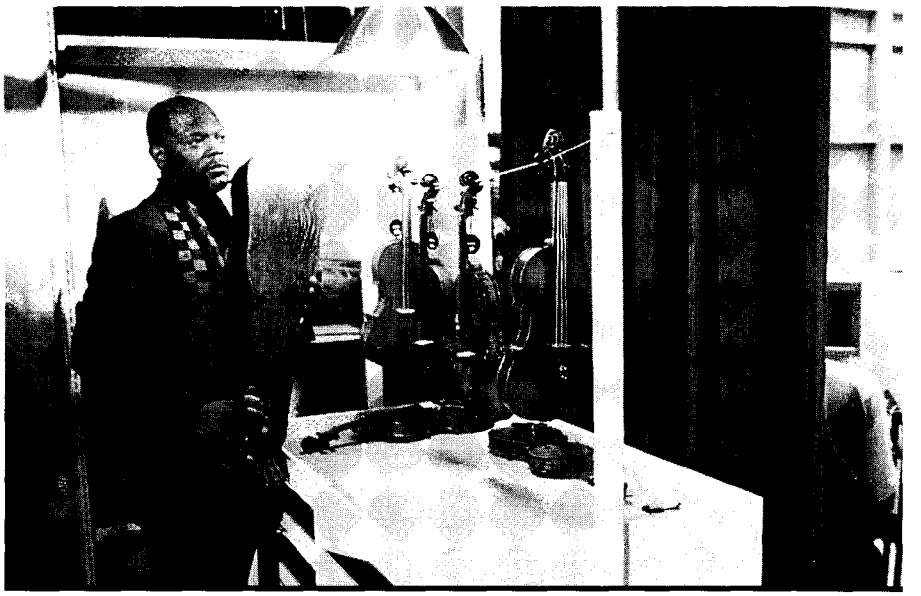
VIRTUOSI

'The Red Violin' & 'Election'

When is a violin more than a violin? All the time, answer scriptwriter Don McKellar and director Francois Girard, the creators of the genially spooky new Canadian movie, *The Red Violin*. All the time, that is, if it was made by Nicolo Bussotti, a seventeenth-century Cremonan craftsman played, with scary intensity, by Carlo Cecchi. He fashions his masterpiece in honor of his beautiful pregnant wife, Anna, and for the future glory of their child, who surely will grow up to perform miracles on it. Then the worst happens and Nicola gazes at Anna's corpse on the birthing bed while the stillborn baby is wrapped and removed. For a man like Bussotti grief must lead to drastic defiance. He takes his instrument and...does something that makes a violin a lot more than a violin. You find out what that something was only at the end of the film when the now 320-year-old masterpiece is placed on auction in the Montreal of the 1990s.

By then it has passed through several hands. In late eighteenth-century imperial Vienna, a child prodigy's performance on it should win employment by the aristocracy, but can the youth's heart, burdened both with a natural defect and the expectations of his kindly but desperate teacher, hold up during a crucial audition for a prince who regards both boy and violin as naught but possible ornaments of his own grandeur? In Victorian England, romantic virtuosity as embodied by Frederick Pope, a British version of Paganini, titillates middle-class audiences but must be fed by erotic frenzy, a frenzy that the red violin seems to provoke supernaturally. Eighty years later, in the People's Republic of China, individualistic Western art is condemned during the Cultural Revolution and the haunted fiddle nearly ends up in a bonfire. But, rescued and brought to Canada to make money for a China now friendly to capitalism, the violin finally yields its secret to an expert evaluator of old instruments, Moritz (Samuel L. Jackson).

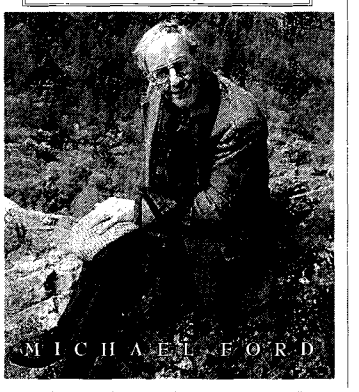
The instrument can, of course, be regarded as a symbol of art itself, and the uses of it by its different owners display the various attitudes toward art through



The first biography of Henri Nouwen to offer a deeper understanding of his life and work.

WOUNDED PROPHET

A Portrait of Henri J. M. Nouwen



Wounded Prophet is the first intimate look into the life and work of a writer-priest whose influence now rivals that of C. S. Lewis and Thomas Merton. Through interviews with Nouwen's friends, colleagues, and family, Michael Ford explores both the generous humanity and the lifelong feelings of anxiety and loneliness that tormented Nouwen. The result is a rich, illuminating biography, offering deep insights into the forces that shaped one of the great spirituality writers of our time.

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the ages—aristocratic pleasure, enemy of ideology, etc. But the double-headed surprise ending makes you realize that the red violin, finally, cannot be a symbol, since a symbol stands for something and serves a meaning, while the violin's ultimate destiny is simply to be and not to serve anyone's view of what art signifies.

It's not often that filmmakers become instant favorites of mine on the basis of one effort, but that's what McKellar and Girard became with their *Thirty-Two Short Films about Glenn Gould*. While not the equal in originality or resonance of that 1994 minor masterpiece, the new movie is good enough to keep me a fan. The McKellar-Girard specialty is bemusement at human oddity, an emotion that might have been wasted on a ghost story that evokes wonder at superhuman forces. But Girard doesn't let the supernatural elements in his tale overheat his style, which remains still, watchful, expectant. The long fingernails of an aristocrat, the way an apprentice shrinks into himself as his master inspects his latest effort, the disconcertment of a hotel desk clerk at the sudden rage of a guest: these are what Girard's camera takes in, just as a quiet child at an adult gathering notices the quirks of the self-important, jabbering grownups. (And in the episode of the British Paganini, Girard's deadpan style keeps the over-the-top parody of romantic excess from wandering into Ken Russell territory.)

In a movie full of good acting, Jean-Luc Bideau excels as the little virtuoso's French teacher. This actor gives you the time-travel effect that superb performances in period roles always deliver. Watching them, you understand that people who wore waistcoats and breeches and powdered wigs, who bowed and rarely shook hands and never heard the sound of an engine revving up, were like us and yet not like us at all. Even the way Bideau raises his arms in joy at the playing of his pupil is not the way one of us would do so because the coat this man wears creates a constriction that even a modern tuxedo doesn't have.

Like Bideau, the entire film comes across as very strange and very human. Though Joshua Bell does the off-screen fiddling and Esa-Pekka Salonen conducts an original score by John Corigliano, the real music in this cunning little epic is in the faces, glances, and gestures of its characters, even in their silences.

If Girard has made a not unworthy successor to his first feature, director Alexander Payne and writer Jim Taylor have far surpassed their debut, the fine *Citizen Ruth*, with *Election*, the best American satire since *Dr. Strangelove*. Whatever its fate at the box office, this work will one day be recognized as one of the very few classic films of its decade.

It is the story of an Omaha high school election for the office of class president and how its outcome is influenced by the enmity a civics teacher, Jim McAllister (Matthew Broderick), comes to feel for one of the campaigners, a hugely energetic and frighteningly self-righteous student, Tracy Flick (Reese Witherspoon). By the time the student triumphs (temporarily) and the teacher is ruined (also temporarily), we have been conducted into some very dark areas of American life: the pursuit of success as an end in itself; the inability of people in a pragmatic, business-oriented society to distinguish between mere rules and fundamental morality; the failure of basically good people to keep their fight for justice disinterested; the newly liberated nihilism of the young whose enthusiasm can be roused only by that candidate (one of Tracy's rivals) who promises to destroy all politics at their school. Above all, the movie is about self-deception: the self-deceptions of the blindly ambitious which empower their predations, and those self-deceptions of more scrupulous people which compromise their moral efforts.

All of this is dramatized concretely, without editorializing but with savvy humor and a cinematic playfulness always serving the inner meanings of the story. With the little space left to me, let me cite two examples of this scrupulous virtuosity.

The very first shot shows us a water sprinkler moistening the high school's lawn, surely a curiously innocuous way to launch a satire. But the camera's steady gaze makes us concentrate on the gadget and the way its pumping sound takes on an implacable rhythm. This rhythm is continued and amplified by Reese Witherspoon's performance of Tracy. It is in her voice as she verbally pummels a dopey, well-meaning jock persuaded by McAllister to oppose the girl in the election. It is in her footsteps as she strides down the hall, and it's in the way she stamps the image of her face on her campaign buttons. Opposing this mechanistic rhythm is the ambling, thoughtful, diffident gait of McAllister, who wants to sabotage the Tracy blitzkrieg but winds up too self-compromised to do so. The clash of these rhythms brings to mind Yeats's "The best lack all conviction, while the worst/ Are full of passionate intensity." Yet McAllister can't be counted among the best, nor Tracy the worst. His is a flaccid virtue, while she is too callow to be truly diabolical.

To appreciate brilliant comic staging, study the way the hapless jock Paul delivers his first campaign speech. (Chris Klein's performance makes the boy blissfully, almost blessedly stupid.) After the shorter Tracy has used the microphone, McAllister raises it for his protégé but not high enough. Paul, too dim to think of making the necessary adjustment, bends forward to read his cliché-ridden speech. This makes it appear as if his body were being weighed down by the unwonted challenge to his mind. His delivery achieves total monotony until he reaches his peroration, at which point the boy straightens up too soon, letting his last words be swallowed by silence and leaving his audience too confused to applaud. The effect of all this is funny yet it's not the funniness of slashing satire but rather of some odd, unsettling mixture of derision and compassion.

That mixture is Alexander Payne's stylistic signature. In *The Sun also Rises*, the narrator's friend, Bill Gorton, keeps sardonically proclaiming that one must give 'em irony and, after that, give 'em pity. Payne gives us both, perfectly blended. □

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Celia Wren

GHOST STORIES

'The Weir' & 'Civil War'

Once upon a time, on a dark and stormy night, there was a story. And because there was a story, there were also listeners, because everyone loves a story. The constant bombardment of zippy visual advertising images may have caused our listening skills to atrophy; our attention spans may rarely stretch beyond the sound byte; we may be dazzled by Hollywood special effects. But we still love a story. Some of our favorite activities—following a sports team, or reading a newspaper, or collecting stamps, bottlecaps, or Art Deco cocktail shakers—are delightful or soothing because they give us a sense that our lives are twined around stories. Experience bordered by stories seems more whole, more meaningful, less random.

The good old-fashioned energy of stories—ghost stories, in this instance—spins the wheels of *The Weir*, Conor McPherson's endearing and unusual five-actor entertainment, now playing on Broadway. Contemporary Irish playwrights like the twenty-seven-year-old McPherson are hot, hot, hot in the theater world these days, and have been for over a year. Giving McPherson a run for his money, for example, is twenty-nine-year-old Martin McDonagh, whose recent Broadway triumph *The Beauty Queen of Leenane* is slated to run at several theaters across the country in the coming months, and whose new drama, *The Lonesome West*, landed on the Great White Way in April. British plays and productions—*The Blue Room*, *The Iceman Cometh*—are all the rage, too, and U.S. thespians are frantically trying to calculate whether the trend points to some deficiency in American playwriting, or a sort of "Masterpiece Theatre" snobbism combined with an inferiority complex, on the part of the public.

Of all the Anglo-Irish conquistadors, McPherson is the one most focused on story and storytelling. (For whatever it is worth, he commented to the *Irish Voice*, "I think a strong storytelling tradition comes out of Ireland...because of the weight of Catholicism—telling people that they're bad people, and that you have to redeem yourself, and that it's very easy to offend God.") His genre of choice has, until now, been the monologue (his theater-critic-meets-vampire fantasy, *Saint Nicholas*, hit New York last year), and the multicharacter *Weir* is really an extended sketch enclosing four tales.

Aside from narrative, the main ingredient is local color—the comfortable, timeworn jokes and habits of a contemporary rural Irish town, seen through the lens of a tiny bar on a night when it is deserted except for five people. As the establishment's two most loyal patrons—the voluble mechanic Jack (Jim Norton), and the more reserved middle-aged Jim (Kieran Ahern), who still lives with his mother—and the owner/bartender (Brendan Coyle) gradually warm to an outsider brought into their midst by the self-important Finbar (Dermot Crowley), they find themselves telling her ghost stories, from regional lore and from their own experience. Each anecdote whets the eerie edge of the evening, until the outsider (Michelle Fairley), recalling her own heartbreaking encounter with the uncanny, supplies the barroom encounter with an emotional focus and a mild climax.

Disappointingly, at the play's end, McPherson passes up the opportunity to knit the tales together, and one leaves *The Weir* feeling somewhat frustrated by the lack of closure and by the sense that the stories' plot lines (involving classically spooky elements like strange

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knockings, a Ouija board, a cemetery, etc.) have been selected somewhat arbitrarily. Nevertheless, the yarns themselves are twenty-four-carat-unnerving, but subtle enough to avoid melodrama. Audience members not wholly charmed by the storytelling may succumb to the finely gauged performances of the ensemble (directed by Ian Rickson) who play the Irish characters' habits and eccentricities to the hilt. When the outsider has the audacity to ask for a glass of white wine, instead of Guinness, for example, the bartender has to go seek a dusty bottle in his home refrigerator; a dead silence reigns in the bar on his return as he employs a corkscrew for what is probably the first time in years, and his regulars watch in appalled fascination.

With such instances of familiar behavior—drinking, flirting, observing social niceties—McPherson paves the way for forays into the supernatural. Gradually, as the play unfolds, we begin to discern another reality. Story turns the shabby bar into a juncture between ordinary life and another level of existence—just as the local weir, whose photo hangs on the barroom wall, forms a juncture between two levels of water. By means of story, McPherson's characters, and his audiences, briefly see beyond the cluttered contingencies of everyday life to something more elemental.

Literary critics and essayists (such as A.S. Byatt, recently, in the *New York Times Magazine*) have noted that we tell stories as a way of explaining ourselves to ourselves, of redeeming meaning from time. Such observations seem particularly well-suited to historical stories. A playwright who sets out to retell the Civil War, for example, would appear to have scope to explore some truths about American values and our approach to history.

Theatergoers should not expect a jot of serious reflection from Frank Wildhorn's new pop musical, *The Civil War*, however. The show, written by Gregory Boyd, Jack Murphy, and Wildhorn, who penned the score, is not so much a play or a dramatized story, as a sort of staged theme park. Every blatantly insincere aspect of the production has been carefully calculated to wring feel-good sentiment from the audience. Facile ironies descend with sledgehammer subtlety. At one point, for example, white women in filmy dresses with parasols waltz across the stage past slaves on an auction block, while a photograph of a slave's scarred back is projected onto a backdrop. The moment shamelessly invites viewers to congratulate themselves for knowing that slavery was bad.

Director Jerry Zaks and his creative team have roped in every conceivable theatrical cliché—red spotlights, strobe lights, projected photo montages, voiceovers, incessant atmospheric fog—that might coax spectators to emote. Battle names and casualty figures scroll in lights across a scrim. Soldiers fight and die in slow motion, or flourish their weapons like baton-twirlers at a parade. Occasionally individual characters stroll into focus—the two brothers who enlist on opposing sides, or the wife who in her husband's absence learns to fix the roof—but they have no personality, only situation. Instead of supplying story or prompting thought, Wildhorn and his collaborators turn America's bloodiest conflict into warbling kitsch.

Despite this kind of theatrical sabotage—or, possibly, because of it—Wildhorn is now the only American composer of the last twenty years to have three shows on Broadway at the same time. *Jekyll & Hyde* and *The Scarlet Pimpernel* were lambasted by the critics when they landed in New York in 1997, but the public paid no attention. To measure these productions' artistic value, your best bet is negative numbers, but the marketing has been brilliant: no less than three *Civil War* soundtracks are being released—the cast album, a country music version, and a set of songs interpreted by celebrities like Hootie & the Blowfish, with interspersed dramatic readings of Civil War documents (Maya Angelou reading Sojourner Truth, for example). Successful marketers live happily ever after. □

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Lively corpses

The Political Lives of Dead Bodies
Reburial and Postsocialist Change
Katherine Verdery
Columbia University Press, $21.50, 208 pp.

Carl L. Bankston III

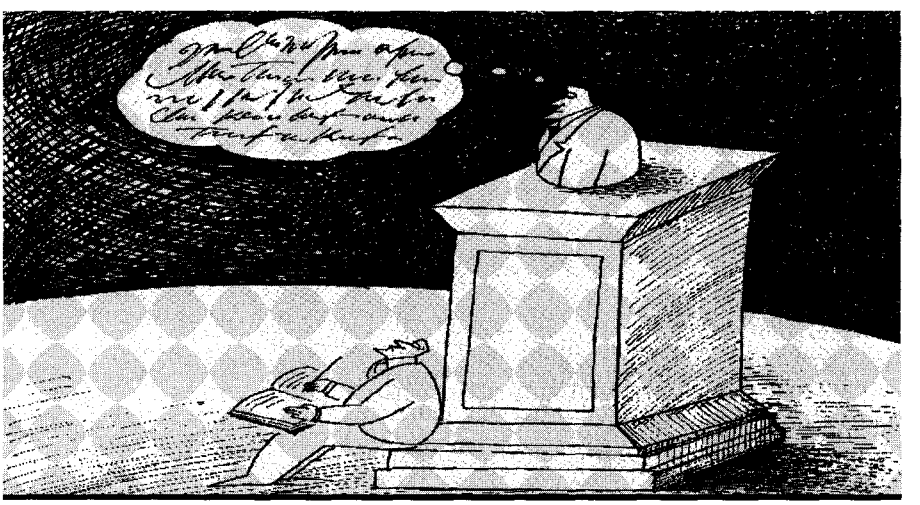
When I went to work in the Philippines in the summer of 1985, Ferdinand Marcos appeared to be firmly in control of the country. His opponents were numerous but divided among themselves. A few months later, the dead body of Benigno Aquino became a symbol of opposition that led the anti-Marcos forces to coalesce behind the leadership of Aquino's widow. Marcos himself subsequently died in exile and his own well-preserved body became a focal point of controversy and an object of pilgrimage for his former followers. When the earthly remains of Marcos were finally returned to his homeland, the debate over his legacy became a heated one over where and how he would be buried. Corpses have power.

Katherine Verdery's *The Political Lives of Dead Bodies* is an absorbing meditation on that power. Verdery, an eminent anthropologist and an authority on socialist Eastern Europe, considers the role of the dead in Eastern Europe's current and continuing political transformation. The movement toward a postsocialist Central and Eastern Europe became, in Verdery's phrase, "a parade of dead bodies." After the collapse of communism in 1989, the remains of political leaders, artists, and national heroes began returning from abroad or were relocated from ignominious domestic graves to honored places of burial. Even socialist-era statues, which Verdery sees as stone or bronze corpses, were marched away from their pedestals.

Bodies, Verdery argues, are potent vehicles for political meaning. As material objects with definite locations in space, bodies connect the past to the present. They are (or were) people, with claims on the emotions of others. Of course, unlike living people corpses do not speak for themselves. That silence gives bodily remains an ambiguity that enables groups and factions to claim them as emblems for competing causes. For example, in Hungary Prime Minister Imre Nagy was shot in 1958 and buried face-down in an unmarked grave for his attempts to reform communism. When he was reburied in a public ceremony attended by thousands in 1989, the anti-Communists, the Communists, the nationalists, and young reformers all claimed him as one of their own.

Communism was more than an economic system; it was a moral order. The artificial bodies of statues and real bodies, such as that of Lenin, literally embodied that order. With the passing of the Communist regimes, the populations of Europe sought new moral orders and new identities. Nationalism, ethnicity, and religion were among the prime props used in constructing new definitions of the self and the world. The formerly forgotten or despised dead were called upon to further the causes of these frequently competing allegiances.

Verdery looks in detail at two sets of competing postsocialist claims of dead bodies. In Romania, she considers the case of Bishop Inochentie Micu-Klein, a Transylvanian who died in Rome in 1756. Inochentie was a clergyman of the Greek Catholic church, which followed the Eastern Orthodox ritual and liturgy but had united with Rome. He also championed the political rights of all Romanians against their Hungarian and German rulers, and he became a national hero to both Greek Catholic and Orthodox Christians. In 1989 Romanians seeking to reinterpret their history brought Inochentie's remains home. However, Eastern Orthodoxy had been greatly strengthened by its official religious monopoly during the Communist period and there was a bitter debate over the return of Greek Catholic churches and properties that had been converted to Orthodox use. Inochentie was claimed as a hero specifically of the Greek Catholic cause and as



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an Orthodox Christian who had turned to Rome only for the sake of his nationalist goals.

Yugoslavia provides Verdery's second example of how dead bodies can be focal points of competing moral orders. This nation was, in Verdery's telling phrase, "a land of graves." World War II saw massacres of Serbs and Communist partisans by Croatian Fascists; of Fascists and others by Communists; and of Muslims, Croats, and Communists by Serbian royalists. During the Tito regime the dead were collectivized as "victims of fascism" or "traitors," and there was no mention of slaughter by Communist partisans. With the end of communism and movement toward the break-up of Yugoslavia, exhumations and reburials became part of the historical claims of the competing factions. Different groups claimed the dead as victims of the Fascists, the Communists, or the Serbs. By selectively recognizing victims, the factions could make statements about responsibility and accountability. Burials and reburials served to make territorial as well as historical claims. Burial unites the community of the living and the dead with the land.

The Political Lives of Dead Bodies is a timely book. The affairs of Eastern Europe, and especially those of the lands that were once Yugoslavia, now hold the attention of the entire world. Verdery gives readers a new angle of vision on this troubled region. However, I think the value of the book goes beyond current events, important as those events may be. It should be regarded as a classic work on the meaning of death and the dead for human views of time and space. This is one of the first books on the dead as sacred objects in modern times, to be read along with Patrick Geary's *Furta Sacra* (Princeton University Press, 1990), which deals with the theft of holy relics in the Middle Ages, and Peter Brown's books on the body and the cult of saints in late antiquity. Verdery's work reminds us that history is largely concerned with the dead and with negotiating the relationship between the living and the dead. In modern times, as in ancient times, struggles over the meaning of history often become rivalries for the possession and patronage of the dead.

The examples Verdery chooses illustrate two of the primary symbolic functions of the dead. They are heroes and victims. Heroes like Bishop Inochentie serve as emblems of social groups. Victims like the unnumbered dead of former Yugoslavia create claims of collective responsibility and collective righteousness. Katherine Verdery makes a convincing and intriguing case for seeing the corpses of heroes and victims as vehicles of political meaning for post-Communist Europe and for the rest of the living world. □

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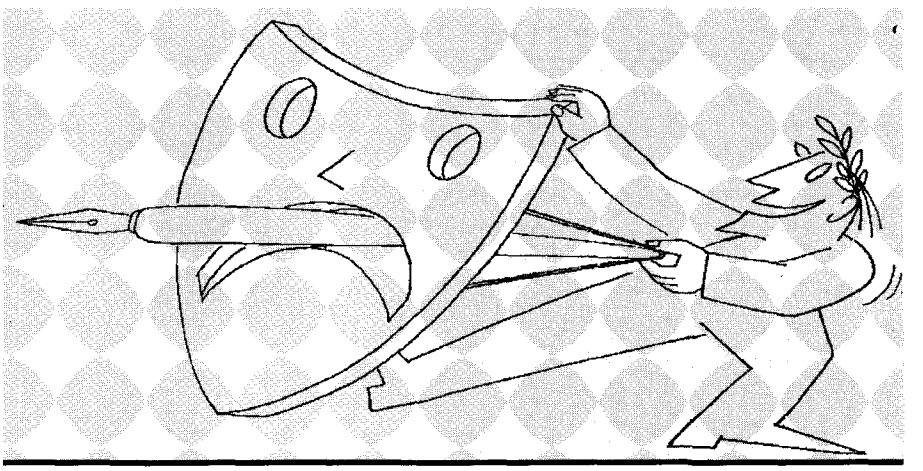
VERY FRENCH

The Impostor
Georges Bernanos
Translated by J.C. Whitehouse
University of Nebraska Press, $20, 250 pp.

Daniel M. Murtaugh

This is the first appearance in English of a novel that was originally published in French in 1927. It is thus one of the earlier works of Georges Bernanos, the passionately Catholic novelist who died in 1948 and who is probably best known here for *Diary of a Country Priest* and the play (adapted as an opera by Francis Poulenc) *Dialogues of the Carmelites. Imposture* (its French title, misrepresented somewhat by its English version) was followed by *La Joie* in 1929 (an English version appeared in 1946), a sequel so closely tied to it that Bernanos expressed regret that he had not had the time to weld them into one larger novel. One sees his point. We leave principal characters in this novel with a sense that their stories are unfinished. The story of one in particular, the saintly *ingénue* Chantal La Clergerie, has barely begun, and a premonition of her death is simply unintelligible as we close the book.

The "impostor" of the novel's English title is Father Cénabre, a historian of the saints whose coldly analytic rationalism is at once attracted to and affronted by his subjects, these "simple men whose simplicity had betrayed him," particularly by the transparency of their lives to divine grace. Cénabre's writings flirt with the official censure of the church, in a time when the condemnation of "Modernism" is a recent memory. His career is followed with mingled awe and envy by an "intellectual demimonde" of closet Modernists,



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theological dilettantes who troll the no-man's land between the left fringe of the "church party" and the Radical and Socialist parties. They applaud him as they would an aerialist performing without a net, anticipating with covert longing the always deferred moment of his fall. Cénabre knows this, and he holds them in contempt, illustrated most clearly in the novel's opening scene, when he excoriates one of them, a pathetic religious journalist named Pernichon.

Cénabre despises Pernichon and his kind for their inauthenticy, their pusillanimity, and their inability to follow his heroic example of rational analysis. Bernanos shares that contempt, but he speaks from an anti-Modernist position that sees Cénabre himself as a satanic condensation of tendencies represented laughably by Pernichon. Bernanos punishes Cénabre's hubris with a loss of faith, the culmination of his prideful rationalism. Indeed, on a second look (more analysis), Cénabre finds that he never had faith to begin with, that his entire life had been carefully constructed on the mere hypothesis of God's existence, one which he finds he can now let slip away, leaving him free to live his lie consciously rather than unconsciously.

Opposed to Cénabre is a humble and painfully shy priest who once supervised him in the junior seminary and whom Cénabre now summons to counsel him in his crisis. Father Chevance is certainly a failure in the eyes of the world, behind in his rent, and barely holding onto a minor post secured for him by Cénabre. But Chevance embodies an important idea of Bernanos's, namely, the saint who allows himself to be the instrument of God. In his charitable concern for Cénabre and, more strikingly, in his vigorous rejection of Cénabre's fraudulent confession, God speaks through Chevance. These responses do not arise out of his character, as this term is understood in ordinary discussions of fiction. The saint, Bernanos argues, acts most effectively when he escapes or sets aside his character and becomes the instrument of God's love, even when that love expresses itself as condemnation.

The Impostor does not progress through a plot. Instead of developing, characters are revealed at deeper levels and in significant recombinations. The novel's four long chapters suggest the movement of a string quartet, each one having its own center of gravity and its own set of voices. Voices are paramount here, those of the relatively small cast of characters and the polemically involved narrator. Everything takes place in the Paris night. Its darkness is claustrophobic, suggesting the condition of human reason guardedly, secretly, asserting its claims against those of faith.

Cénabre is not as central a figure here as the English title suggests. He dominates the first and third chapters, but is for the most part an offstage presence in the second and fourth. That is why I think the translator would have done well to have brought the French title *Imposture* over into English. Cénabre's rationalism does not set him apart. It appears watered down in Pernichon and in the repellent crew who surround him in the second chapter. He arises from a context

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RONALD A. WELLS

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of imposture in which the saintly characters stand out as anomalies. And it is to these saintly characters, the dying Chevaunce and the radiant but still enigmatic Chantal, that the novel turns in its conclusion that does not conclude.

I mentioned the polemically involved voice of the narrator, that is, of Bernanos, and this is the source of the novel's energy and of its troubling quality. The pleasure one takes in Bernanos's skewering of Cénabre, Pernichon, and the others begins to feel like a guilty pleasure. Readers accustomed to disinterested revelation of character will be startled by this introduction of Pernichon: "Pernichon wrote the religious column in a radical newspaper subsidized by a conservative financier for radical ends. What soul he had flourished in the threefold equivocation, feeding like a patient and industrious insect on the humiliation the position involved." We learn that "his *Letters from Rome* were not, however, entirely without merit. They were as good as other less well-known ones written in the same spirit by conceited and disappointed men as a vehicle for the bitterness they exuded drop by drop." Even worse is the cabal of third-rate crypto-Modernists who occupy the second chapter. Those who have sat through the *Star Wars* sequelae may be reminded of the salon of Jabba the Hut. The characters seem, in fact, to be straw men in a debate proceeding outside the novel's boundaries.

For Bernanos was not just an anti-Modernist but a committed follower of Action Française, the Royalist, "corporatist" movement that found favor in conservative Catholic circles until it was condemned by Pius XI, at about the time Bernanos was writing this novel. This condemnation was a victory for the Modernists and a cruel test of Bernanos's loyalty to the church. With our own hindsight that includes Nazism and Fascism, we are unlikely to mount the barricades for Action Française or any other "organic" or "corporatist" political theory. But even if we willingly suspend disbelief to accommodate this novel, it is hard not to conclude that Bernanos has stacked the deck in support of his cause. □

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RELIGION BOOKNOTES

Lawrence S. Cunningham

Luke Timothy Johnson, a frequent contributor to these pages, is a biblical scholar who has a great knack for mediating high-level scholarship to a nonprofessional audience. His current book has a simple aim: to provide an approach to the New Testament that does not reduce Jesus to a facile historical category of sage or wandering preacher or to an evanescent symbol of the modernist mystic. Johnson believes in a living Jesus who is the resurrected Lord. He argues that it is that Christ who is at the center of Christian faith. For Johnson,

Living Jesus: Learning the Heart of the Gospel
by Luke Timothy Johnson
HarperSanFrancisco, $22, 210 pp.

Jesus Christ is neither a resuscitated corpse nor a figure only in the mind or heart of the believer. Jesus Christ lives as a spiritual person after the manner which Paul describes in 1 Corinthians 15. It is that resurrected Christ who is the object of the belief of each of the writers of the New Testament.

Johnson recognizes that the portraits of Jesus in the New Testament are various; that the meaning of Jesus is polyvalent. The very complexity of the New Testament faith in Christ signals mystery, not incoherence, Johnson writes. He refuses the gambit (as old as the efforts of Tatian and Marcion in the second century) of flattening out the images of Christ in the New Testament writings by pounding them into a synchronized but implausible whole. Johnson argues that the complexity of a person is enhanced, not blurred, when we have various portraits of that person. Our understanding of a person becomes more coherent when we can see what other people thought of him or her.

To describe the living Jesus (as opposed to the "dead" Jesus of academic scholarship), Johnson gives a succinct but comprehensive account of the books of the New Testament as they attempt to answer the old question posed by Jesus himself: "Who is the Christ? What think ye of him?" *Living Jesus* is in implicit dialogue with critical scholarship but does not have the polemical edge of Johnson's wonderful critique of the Jesus Seminar in his earlier *The Real Jesus*.

Living Jesus could easily be described as an essay on New Testament spirituality. I read passages of it to my appreciative undergraduate students as we read the Gospels. I cannot pay it higher praise beyond saying that if the book is in a less expensive soft cover this coming academic year, I will adopt it as a required text for background reading. I say "background reading" because I agree with Johnson that reading books about Mark or any other Gospel is no substitute for the "slow, deliberative, ruminative, associative reading of [Mark's] story in sequence," since it is that kind of reading that is most appropriable for those "seeking in the Holy Spirit to 'learn Jesus.'" This rich book is written in a straightforward manner but deserves to be read with the Bible close at hand. Highly recommended.

Philip Sheldrake, a British theologian best known for his influential *Spirituality and History*, turns his attention in his most recent book to the relationship between theology and spirituality. While indicating why there is a separation be-

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Spirituality and Theology: Christian Living and the Doctrine of God
by Philip Sheldrake
Orbis, $20, 244 pp.

tween theology and spirituality, he makes the case for why it needs to be closed. One shorthand way of seeing Christian spirituality is as the "Christian life as experience." Sheldrake notes that "our understanding of 'Christian,' 'spiritual,' 'life,' and 'experience' are dependent on our theological presuppositions." He ends the first section of his book with a deft survey of contemporary theologians who argue for a closer congruence between spirituality and systematic theology.

Sheldrake then assays three "test cases" to demonstrate how "spiritual" writers "do" authentic theology. Julian of Norwich is used to show how Trinitarian theology is constructed. In a less successful comparison, the *Spiritual Exercises* of Saint Ignatius of Loyola is juxtaposed to the work of the Anglican poet-divine George Herbert, who was Loyola's older contemporary. In the third and most original and satisfying test case, Sheldrake reflects on spirituality and place. He previously explored place in spirituality in his little work on Celtic spirituality (*Living between Worlds*). Here he moves beyond writers who affirm the role of place in the spiritual life (Kathleen Norris, Belden Lane, etc.) to ask a powerful question: What about those places which stand as a contradiction to any desire or drive toward the experience of God? What about Auschwitz? What about the placement of the Carmelite convent adjacent to Auschwitz?

If the Auschwitz example sets the notion of place in stark terms, one must also ask, as Sheldrake does, about the role of place in urban civilization. In a few economical pages he ranges over those thinkers who have looked sympathetically at the contemporary city (Michael Novak, for example) to those who do not (John Milbank). Nor is Sheldrake unaware of the case made by many about sacrality and natural places. Echoing the sentiment of the Anglican theologian Bishop Rowan Williams, Sheldrake thinks we should be suspicious of a too bland invocation of the language of the sacred when discussing some vista of natural beauty.

So much intellectual territory is covered in such a short space that readers could well ask for more detail. In the meantime, this is an excellent introduction for those who would like to understand Christian spirituality in its relationship to theology. I could well imagine this book being used in the classroom, although individuals might replace some of the case studies to fit their own needs. The more general chapters give a fair account of the subject at hand.

Co-authors Baird and Ehrman continue their translation work on the writings of the twelfth-century polymath, Hildegard of Bingen. As in their first volume, reviewed previously in these pages (May 19, 1995), the letters are organized according to the rank of the recipient. The first volume contained letters to and from

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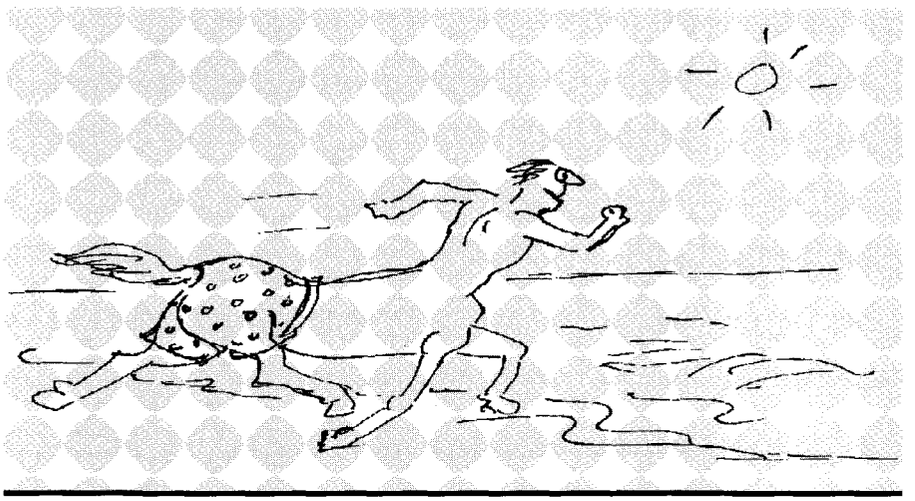

popes, prelates, and at least one famous saint, namely, Bernard of Clairvaux. This volume provides a wide swath of letters to and from abbots and abbesses on a broad range of topics. Hildegard enjoyed such regard in her day that persons constantly wrote her just to get a "good word," or to have a scriptural conundrum solved, or to inquire after questions of music or theology.

The Letters of Hildegard of Bingen—Volume II
translated and edited by Joseph L. Baird and Radd K. Ehrman
Oxford University Press, $45, 215 pp.

One exchange is of particular interest. Twelve letters passed between Hildegard and a somewhat awestruck monk, Guibert of Gembloux. Guibert posed a series of questions (what language was used in her visions?) which, when answered, sheds some light on the nature of visionary experience. Hildegard's letter (numbered 103r) is an extraordinary autobiographical confession about how her visionary experiences happen (no sensible audition or vision but an experience "in my spirit") set out in a declaration that she had had such experiences from her childhood. She further stated that she kept these experiences within her memory for a long time and then expressed them in "unpolished" Latin. This epistolary exchange is a precious resource for understanding the character of religious visionary literature.

Equally fascinating is a letter of 1176 where Guibert poses thirty-five questions about the interpretation of Scripture. The questions are interesting in their own right since women did not ordinarily comment on Scripture (that was the right of the theologian, but Hildegard's renown was such that she was praised as being more learned than the masters at Paris). The questions themselves shed a good deal of light on twelfth-century scriptural preoccupations. Some were directed toward solving apparent contradictions while others had to do with whether a passage was to be taken literally or figuratively.

Studies on Hildegard have become something of a cottage industry. Her music is performed, translations of her works come out frequently, and serious studies abound. What is clear from reading these letters is that this woman was a powerful figure in her own day. She dispatched letters to a circle of persons, advising them on their spiritual life (she was a director for both men and women), talking about the singular fashion in which she governed her own community, fighting intramural battles over monastic rights, and urging reform where laxity prevailed.

Two more volumes of correspondence are to come. The two already published are exemplary. The translations read well (the editors tell us that the Latin is often opaque), the notes are helpful, and the brief bibliography and indexes enhance the readability of the text.

The very originality of Hildegard's theological vision, the range of her interests, and the power of her personality might require some introduction to her life and times. Barbara Newman, herself an author of a very fine study of Hildegard, has provided such an introduction by editing a series of studies written by noted scholars covering a wide range of topics connected to Hildegard. Newman contributes the first and last essays, respectively a "life and times" survey and a consideration of Hildegard as a poet. Other essays discuss Hildegard's medical writings, the character of monastic life in her day, her work as an artist, her music, as well as her role as a religious thinker (in what sense was she understood as a theologian?), prophet, reformer, and correspondent. Reading this book, one is again struck by how much Hildegard was the exception to the rule about how women were to conduct themselves in medieval society. Not only did she comment on the Scriptures, but she urged monastic reforms, developed some liturgical texts for her community, created a rather complex theological system, preached in public, fought fiercely for the rights of her own community, and generally acted in public roles. Her ability to act in such a public manner was due, of course, to the widely held perception that she was the recipient of guidance from the Holy Spirit in her prophetic and teaching tasks.

Voice of the Living Light: Hildegard of Bingen and Her World
edited by Barbara Newman
University of California Press, $19.95, 278 pp.

Today, the immense interest in Hildegard not infrequently flows from various ideological agendas. Thus, she often becomes a protofeminist or the mother of "creation spirituality." What these essays show in some depth is that she is far too complex an individual to be hammered into these ideological categories. She is very much a person of her own age, yet a multitalented religious genius. She transformed the learning of her day through the power of her imagination, the utter conviction derived from her religious life, and her passion for that beauty which is a re-

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flection of God's beauty.

This anthology contains scholarly essays of high quality but is written in an accessible style. The volume concludes with a fine bibliography as well as a discography. It is an excellent vade mecum for anyone wishing to study Hildegard's works in any detail.

I first read Teilhard de Chardin in the very late fifties when *The Phenomenon of Man* first appeared in English. My memory of that reading is quite vivid because my copy came by post from London in a plain brown wrapper. The book was not sold in the Catholic bookstores because of the Vatican's grave suspicions about the author's orthodoxy. I then went through a great Teilhard phase.

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin
edited by Ursula King
Orbis, $13, 173 pp.

Nonetheless, it was not until Ursula King's tidily presented anthology of texts, part of the Orbis "Modern Spiritual Masters" series, came to me that I took the opportunity of reacquainting myself with a writer whom I once greatly admired.

On this rereading I discovered that certain convictions I once had still apply. My admiration for Teilhard's cosmic Christology has not abated; the French Jesuit paleontologist has no equal in plumbing the depth of the image of Christ depicted in the prologue to the Gospel of John and the opening chapters of the Pauline letters such as Colossians and Ephesians. Second, one must admire his heroic effort at marrying science and faith in a world view even if one cannot quite say "yes" to what he proposes. Third, he was a master of language who could recreate a sense of grandeur and wonder at the sheer miracle of the cosmos. Is there not a deep truth in his conviction that a God who "made the world less mysterious or smaller or less important to us, than our heart and reason show it to be,...will never be the one before whom the world will kneel"? Finally, I have never had patience with those who criticized him for his theological audacity

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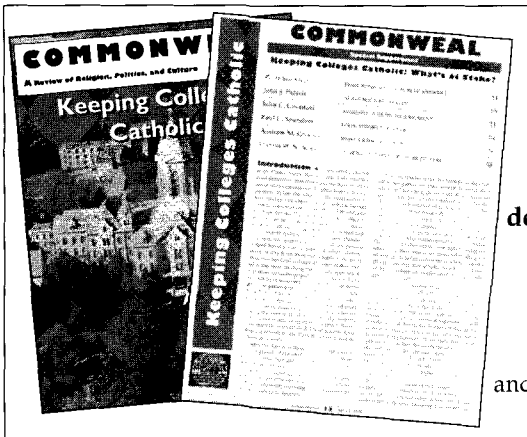
or heterodox formulations. Had he not been ruthlessly silenced over the years, he might have benefited from the refining fire of scholarly critique and debate. The very oddness of his writing is an evident rebuke to the ham-handed authoritarianism of the Vatican censors of the day.

If there is one criticism of Teilhard that can be made it has to do with the near cosmic sweep of his vision. He is, for the most part, too taken by the macrocosm; too fixated on the high Christology of the New Testament. The human Jesus plays little part in Teilhard's meditations, and the finite, individual person seems to get lost in the dynamic sweep of his speculation. This relative neglect of the person of Jesus may derive from Teilhard's attempt to move the modern believer away from an anthropocentric vision of the world to a larger, more cosmic, vision. If that be the case, then we ought to praise Teilhard for what he did rather than for what he failed to do. Nonetheless, one is inescapably reminded of Sören Kierkegaard's observation about Hegel, namely, that he was like a man who built a great castle and was forced to live outside its walls in a shack. To put it another way: Teilhard's grand deutero-Pauline Christology needs to be balanced with a dose of Mark's insistence on personal discipleship.

We must thank Ursula King for a gracefully written introduction as well as the highly readable selections from Teilhard's writings. The net result is a handy volume useful for reading in small doses as a source for meditation and spiritual enrichment. My own gratitude is more personal since the book has restored to me many of the facets of Teilhard's writings that drew me to him in the first place. □

Lawrence S. Cunningham *teaches theology at the University of Notre Dame.*



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(Continued from page 4)

O Jerusalem

Having just returned from overseas, and catching up on back issues of *Commonweal* (hence the delayed nature of this letter), I was overwhelmed by the article of Alane Salierno Mason [March 26] on her experience of visiting Jerusalem.

She captured and expressed so well the experience I had on my recent first visit to Israel. The mixture of the sacred and the profane, the sublime and the ridiculous which is modern day/ancient Israel/Palestine truly struck me. I will never refer to that area as "Holy Land" again. The people who lived/live there may, indeed, be holy. The sites and the earth, however, are the same mixture of holy and unholy that marks all human places and events. As Mason points out, these sites both edify and scandalize in equal measure.

Thanks to her for giving voice to a profound truth: "He is not here; he is risen."

(REV.) DAVID J. NORRIS
Hilmar, Calif.

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NOT FOR HIRE

Ken Lovasik

I am a resigned priest. I am no longer a favored son. I love the church, and I respect its discipline. I have been invited by Episcopal and Orthodox friends to join them and resume active ministry. Although I am honored by their invitation, I choose not to leave the Church of Rome.

I have also been solicited by a group called C.I.T.I. (Celibacy Is the Issue) and by Rent-a-Priest, asking if I would like to "work" again. I am not honored by such invitations: I choose not to engage in a free-lance ministry that does not enjoy the authorization of my bishop.

I would love to minister again as a married priest, but a married priest in communion with the local bishop and through him to Peter. I do not know if I will live to see that happen, but I have serious ecclesiological problems with the idea of ministering out of union with the church. I am not for hire.

In the second century, Saint Ignatius of Antioch, an early father of the church, first used the term "church catholic" to refer to the universal church: a communion of sister churches, each under the leadership of its bishop. Ignatius wrote, "Where the bishop is, there is the church." The bishop, in the early church, was not only the leader of the local church, but he linked that local church with all the other churches, who were united in faith and in love as the church catholic.

When I use the term church catholic, I am referring to the undivided church prior to the Great Schism of 1054: the patriarchates of Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem. A strong case has been made by both Roman Catholic and Orthodox bishops and theologians that there is a mutual recognition of sacraments and creed, and hence, a communion of faith and love, that awaits full implementation, hopefully, in our time.

The church catholic has always recognized in this relationship of bishop and community a guarantee of unity within itself, a unity that was not necessarily a uniformity. Even today, the Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox churches base their canonicity upon this structure.

Whether the bishop of Rome is recognized as having "immediate and universal jurisdiction" in the entire church (the Roman Catholic position), or whether he is seen as the "elder brother responsible for maintaining a communion of faith and love among sister churches—the first among equals" (the Orthodox position), it is clear that the ministry of authority in the "church catholic" is not something that is purely arbitrary.

The earliest forms of ordained ministry were bishop (*episkopos*) and deacon (*diakonos*). As the church grew, the order of priest (*presbyteros*) came into being: a group of elders who represented the bishop. The bishop is the pastor of the local church, but because he cannot be everywhere at all times, the presbyters represent him in the faith communities of the local church. If I, as an ordained presbyter, choose to minister without proper authorization from the local church (that is, bishop), I do not represent him. The community that gathers around me is not in communion with him.

When a member of the "church catholic" finds himself or herself, for one reason or another, in a canonically irregular situation, the solution is to seek some kind of reconciliation with the church. To provide such a person with the services of Rent-a-Priest simply creates an illusion that "the church" blesses their marriage (in the case of a second marriage without prior annulment of a previous sacramental marriage). The church that is created by such a free-lance ministry is not in communion with the church catholic.

Organizations, such as CORPUS (Corps of Resigned Priests United for Service) and FCM (Fellowship of Christian Ministries), whose earliest members were resigned priests and their wives, seem to be endorsing free-lance noncanonical ministry of resigned Roman priests and others. This does a disservice not only to the universal church but perhaps even more so to those "irregular" Catholics who think they are finding a solution to their canonical situation. Is this any less a tearing apart of the Body of Christ, which is the church, than any other historical schism has been?

"Canonical" is not a dirty word, but refers to the legitimate right of the church to organize itself internally as well as its outreach to the world. My canonical status as a resigned priest means I have forfeited my place in the college of presbyters of the local church. I would be less than truthful and responsible if I did not accept responsibility for the consequences of my decision. I love the church enough to respect its discipline (although I may disagree with it and hope for change). I would not hesitate to minister as a priest if there were a true emergency where no canonical priest is available. But I am not for rent. I do not want be part of yet another schism. □

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Ken Lovasik *lives in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

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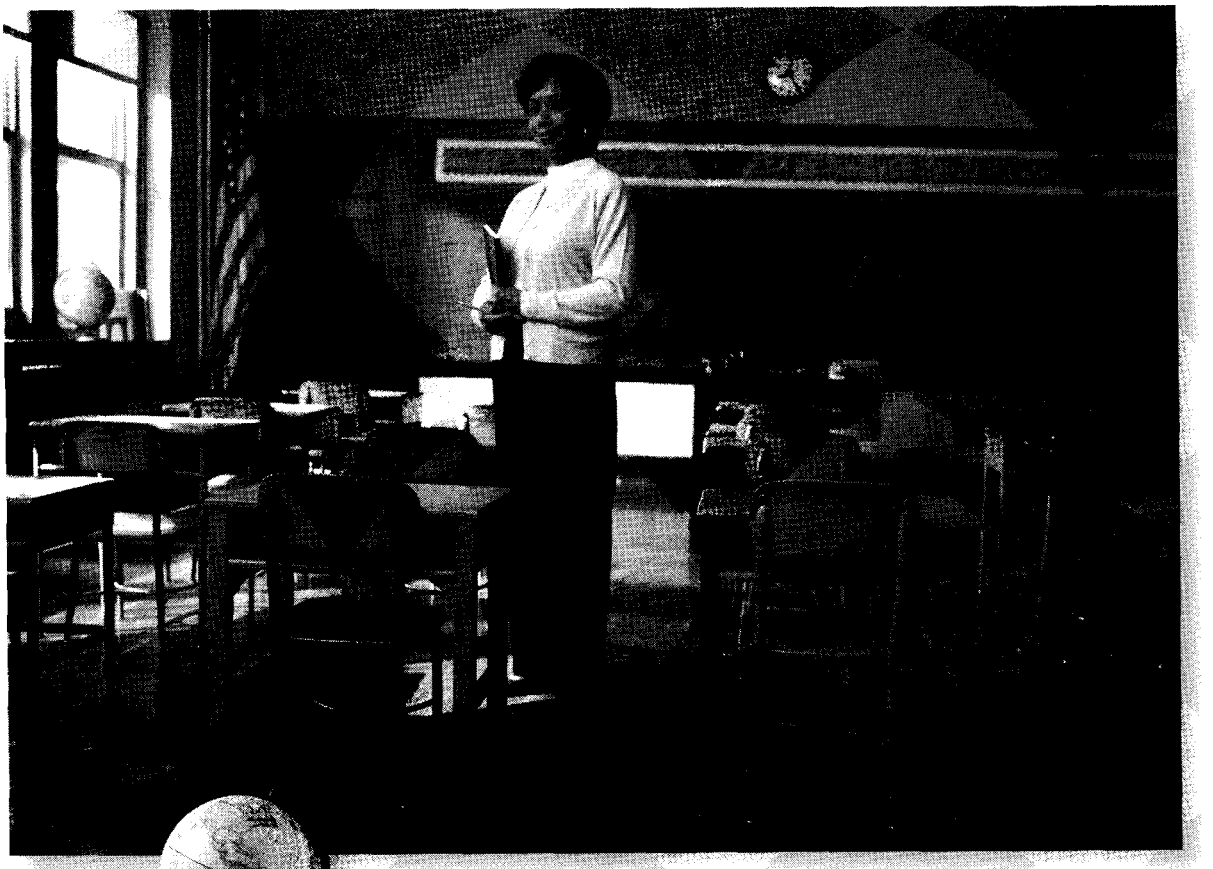

The bell rings at 8:30, and a roomful of kids pile in. But for some, school is never out, and class is never dismissed.

St. Louis,
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November 19, 1998
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